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Maclean's

JANUARY 19, 1981

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EDITORIAL

Poland's revolt: not just against Moscow but communism itself



By Peter C. Newman

As those of us lucky enough to be Canadians expend our energies resisting winter, haggling over constitutional treaties or trying to decide whether Peter or Pierre should set oil prices, one of the most dramatic confrontations in modern history is unfolding in Poland.

Armed with nothing but moral outrage, Polish workers have taken on not just the might of Soviet arms but the fundamental dogma that drives the Communist system. Last week's occupation by farmers of government buildings at Ustrzyki Dolne, just 16 km from the U.S.S.R. border, marked the most significant escalation in the Polish revolution. The farmers belong to "Rural Solidarity," which represents at least one-third of the 3.5 million private agricultural workers who grow three-quarters of Poland's food. The country's already crippled economy can't function without them. At the same time, Lech Walesa, who leads Poland's independent trade union movement, was negotiating with Warsaw officials for the magnificent privilege of having Sundays off.

What's really at stake is the right of Polish workers to organize themselves. Iron Curtain unions are instruments of state policy ("schools for communism," says Leonid Brezhnev) rather than pressure groups

acting for their members' benefit. Since, in theory, the Communist state is accountable to its workers, strikes are judged to be unnecessary—and, being unnecessary, they're banned, along with every other form of spontaneous activity. It's this kind of giddy Orwellian logic on which the legitimacy of communism depends.

The most instructive parallel with what's happening in Poland today is what took place in Czechoslovakia a dozen years ago. Alexander Dubcek and his followers were not enemies of Moscow or Marx. All they wanted was to set legal limits on the Communist party's mandate and allow greater political participation by Czech citizens. What they got was an invasion by half a million Soviet troops.

The Kremlin's military options aren't quite as clear this time. The invasion of Poland could hardly be sanctioned by the West. Even the minimum response of effective trade embargoes would deprive the Soviets of the \$35 billion in essential goods they import annually from industrialized democracies.

But the real cost would run very much higher. Unlike Afghanistan, Poland has strong western traditions. Any massive military intervention by the Kremlin, against farmers and workers putting their lives on the line to gain the dignity of a ray of freedom, would destroy what little credibility still lingers behind communism's mask—and much, much more.

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A flagrant violation of rights

Barbara Aniel's African odyssey led her to jail in a Frelimo hell-hole

It seemed like a perfect holiday at the time. When Malina's senior writer Barbara Aniel, with travelling companion Toronto tour operator Steve Elgin and American film director, drove from Johannesburg to Mozambique, they were three keen tourists sampling a little African culture. Frelimoists were strict anti-Orientalists, they were teased through three checkpoints without having their passports stamped. After returning for a few days under the Frelimo sun to the blacked beaches of the Indian Ocean, whatever reservations they had about the political situation seemed a trifle. It was not said they tried crossing the border into Swaziland that the trouble began. First with Mozambique's immigration officials, then with the secret police. Aniel, who is now in Johannesburg, told her story to *Blackstar's* Jesse O'Brien.

"When we were delivered to secret police headquarters, my greatest fear was that authorities would find out I was a journalist. I had been warned that Frelimo [the governing party of President Samora Machel] was wary of even socialist journalists and was worried that it might be impossible to entreat a Western journalist who had run afoul of the government. At headquarters, we were put in separate cells, and while Sam and Jim were being grilled for long periods over the next 36 hours, I began editing my notes and trying to write a story. I was a journalist, so, including the guard but I had taken from Magapo's Palapa hotel and my plastic-coated Malina's ID card. Oddly enough, our interrogators seemed uninterested in me as a woman and directed most of their questions at the two men. It was one of the five times I had been grateful for being under the control of a white-christian regime.

"When the secret police had finished their questioning, we were told to take only our necessities and ordered to follow two machine-gun-toting soldiers. We were not told where we were being taken. No phone calls were allowed. Mozambique is a country in which the Western concept of due process of law is unknown, and although we had been warned earlier to be careful not to break any laws—that there

were no trials, no judges—the concerns had seemed foolish under the blue skies and hot yellow sun that inspired an awe of the beauty, not the terror, of Mozambique. From headquarters we were put in a vehicle with one other black man, a Mozambique-born South African, who exclaimed "Oh God. We are going to Machava!"

"Machava is the largest political prison in Mozambique, a vast open-air compound by a 10-foot wall and fortified with barbed wire. There are nine concrete cell blocks, each housing 30 to 35 prisoners.



cerns, I was prisoner number 315 in cell block one. Sam and Jim, at times together, at times in solitary confinement, were placed in number eight. My cell mate was Tonie, a 45-year-old Mozambique woman whose crime was her suggestion of an alternate political party to Frelimo. She had been there six months, and the most prisoners had no idea where she would be released.

"Our cell was seven feet by 10 feet, and specifically polished to keep the men from getting at us. In the daytime, it was like an oven and we would take off our clothes, although we had to suffer the indignity of having the guards peep at us through holes in the wall. The bed resting was full of lice. And most prisoners had contracted dysentery from the dirty water, a part of our daily dinner which was supplemented twice a day with mud-puddle rice, bread and two ounces of meat. Despite the appalling conditions, there was a great spirit of camaraderie among the prisoners. A prisoner in the cell next to Sam made him a pair of trousers for

his running shoes after the guards had taken his away so that he would not hang himself.

"Sam also was asked to conduct a little business behind bars. During our holiday in Maputo, he had tried contacting the minister of information and tourism to discuss tour possibilities but to no avail. According to aides, the minister was either out of town. Sam discovered how busy he really was when the minister who happened to be imprisoned two cell down at Machava, introduced himself one day.

"On the third day of our imprisonment, Tonie became alarmed. Blood was oozing out of my mouth while I lay sleeping. She called the guards, who looked worried that they might have an illness on their hands. And so they bundled me up and prepared to take me to the military hospital in Maputo. My first instinct was to stay at the prison, thinking that our one chance was to stick together, but at the guards' insistence, I was led away.

"Within hours of my arrival at the hospital, I went into an intense malarial fever. Since most of the country's doctors fled the country in 1975, at the time

of the Frelimo take-over, I was treated for six hours by three Belgian doctors who doused me with buckets of cold water to suppress my fever. Throughout, the most haunting spectacle was the faces of the armed soldiers who stood by laughing. "Many thanks to the help of the U.S. vice-consul, Howard Jeter, and the diligence of U.K. High Commissioner officials in Maputo, our release was arranged. The proper phone calls were made and Sam and Jim were told to pack their things. The car we had rented was waiting outside the prison for them. The luggage, minus two pairs of Sam's shoes and a watch which had been stolen, was still there. When Sam and Jim came to the hospital to collect me, I was still not convinced that the ordeal was over. I had been a week without food, hooked up to an intravenous drip with unsterilized needles, and had been forced to use the most primitive of sanitary facilities. I knew we have no recourse for what has happened. I can only feel sympathy for the people we have left behind in Machava."

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


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pery Pontiac Grand Prix and Buick Regal. To provide you with improved fuel economy, most 1981 models offer such improvements as high-pressure radial tires with low rolling resistance and low-drag front

PONTIAC		40 MPG
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	1981 SUNBIRD Held over by popular demand. High 9-cyl. Coupe (shown). Hatchback, Sport Coupe and Sport Hatchback 2-door models. Standard features include AM radio, steel glass bumpers and 4 non-slip moldings. Custom wheel covers, whitewall covers. 4-cyl. engine standard. V6 available. Seats four.	32 MPG 8.9 L/100 km
	FIREBIRD Four 2-door Sport Coupes, four Roadster (shown), Sport (shown) and Formula with standard 4.4-l. V6 and 3000 AM with 4-cyl. 4.9-l. V6. Base Price. Export available with 2.8-l. V6 including Computer Command Control. Formula and Firebird available with 4.9-l. V6. Seats four.	26 MPG 10.9 L/100 km
	PHOENIX Four-wheel-drive in Phoenix. Phoenix LE and Phoenix SE 4-door Hatchback Sedans (shown) and 2-door Coupe. Rack and pinion steering. 161-hp 4-cyl. engine. Standard 2.3-l. 4-cyl. engine and 4-speed manual transmission. 2.8-l. V6, automatic transmission available. Seats five.	36 MPG 7.8 L/100 km
	LEMANS The midsize Pontiac. LeMans and LeMans Sport (shown) and LeMans (shown). 4-door Coupe and 4-door Sedan. Base power from a 2.8-l. V6 with automatic transmission. 4.4-l. and 4.9-l. V6 available. Seats six.	28 MPG 10.0 L/100 km
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	PONTIAC Full-size family cars in LeMans, Catalina and Parisienne (shown). 2-door Coupe and 4-door Sedan. Full-size 4-cyl. engine, power steering, power brakes and 2.8-l. V6 standard. 4.4-l. and 4.9-l. V6 and 7.0-l. Diesel V6 and now available automatic available. Seats six.	28 MPG 9.9 L/100 km
	LEMANS SAFARI Midsize wagon offering with Pontiac control and handling. LeMans and Grand LeMans (shown). 4-door. Maximum cargo capacity 2000 lbs. (72 cu. ft.). Standard 3.0-l. V6 with automatic transmission. 4.4-l. and 4.9-l. V6 available. Seats six.	29 MPG 9.8 L/100 km
	PONTIAC SAFARI Full-size van offering in LeMans, Catalina and Parisienne (shown). 4-door. Maximum cargo capacity 2000 lbs. (72 cu. ft.). Standard 4.4-l. V6. 5.0-l. V6 and 7.0-l. Diesel V6 available. Seats six (eight with optional third row).	30 MPG 9.6 L/100 km

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	REGAL Buick's mid-size personal luxury car available in three aerodynamically styled 2-door Coupes, Regal (shown), Regal Limited and Regal Sport. Regal and Limited have standard 2.8-l. V6. 4.4-l. and 4.9-l. V6 available. Regal Sport has optional 4-cyl. V6. Automatic standard. All models. Seats six.	29 MPG 9.8 L/100 km
	LESABRE Full-size Buick comfort in LeSabre (shown) and LeSabre Limited 4-door Coupe and 4-door Sedan. Standard 3.0-l. V6 with available 4.1-l. V6 and 4.4-l. and 4.9-l. V6 and 7.0-l. Diesel V6. Seats six.	28 MPG 9.9 L/100 km
	ELECTRA Ultimate full-size Buick elegance in Electra Limited and Electra Park Avenue (shown) 2-door Coupe and 4-door Sedan. 5.0-l. V6 standard. 4.1-l. V6, 5.0-l. V6 and 7.0-l. Diesel V6 available. Many standard features include new exclusive automatic transmission. Seats six.	25 MPG 11.3 L/100 km
	RIVIERA Fully equipped front-wheel drive personal luxury car. Buick's colorful and sleek. Riviera 2-door Coupe. 5.0-l. V6 standard with Power Turbocoupling 5.0-l. V6 with T-Type. Available with Power Turbo V6. 4.1-l. V6, 5.0-l. V6 and 7.0-l. Diesel V6 available. Many standard features include new exclusive automatic transmission. Seats six.	30 MPG 9.6 L/100 km
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	ELECTRA ESTATE WAGON Open-air elegance in a station wagon. Electra Estate Wagon standard. Maximum cargo capacity 2000 lbs. (72 cu. ft.). Standard 3.0-l. V6 optional 5.0-l. V6 and 7.0-l. Diesel V6 available. Seats six (eight with optional third row).	30 MPG 9.6 L/100 km

*These fuel economy figures are calculated and may be subject to variation. The actual mileage you get will vary with driving habits, road conditions, vehicle load, and other factors. Actual mileage may vary. Always use proper driving habits and observe proper maintenance. Always use proper driving habits and observe proper maintenance.

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AT GENERAL MOTORS, WE'RE COMMITTED

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Napoleon IV in the making

"Pierre Trudeau cannot be trusted with majority power"

By Denis Smith

For the past 12 years, like many other Canadians, I too have been perplexed by the many faces of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, and curious to discover the driving force behind his public character. Early in his political career, what struck me most was the abstract, rationalist nature of his approach to politics, reflected in his attitudes to Quebec, the legal position of the French language, an estimated shortage of rights and incoherent efficiency. Some of these attitudes may have been salutary, but they all displayed a certain willful blindness to the wisdom of historical experience.

Mr. Trudeau's rationalism was accompanied by an unusually strong will, together reflecting an intense private struggle to contain some turbulent passions boiling beneath the surface of his personality. The passions were only occasionally revealed to us in the early days, in adolescent displays of vanity and temper. The outbursts seemed casual enough, not to be taken too seriously—evidently, perhaps, of immaturity that he might outgrow in office.

What startled me now is that the prime minister has not overcome his strong passions, but has brought them to the centre of his political life. He has balanced reason and self-indulgent emotion through his use of power, and at our expense, and we have encouraged him to do so. He has repeatedly been granted the license to seek selfish release in office. He has rationalized his excesses by turning them into acts of state.

My suggestion is that the prime minister has come to terms with himself by becoming, when he can, an authoritarian leader sustained by voting majorities a dogmatic, a delusory term, indifferent to all but electoral checks on his power. For Mr. Trudeau, the restraint comes off when he possesses a recently enlarged parliamentary majority. Not once but three times the electorate has granted him such power, three times he has abused that trust. After 1968 came the War Measures Act, after 1974 came the "emergency" application of wage and price controls, after February, 1980, and the Quebec referendum, has come the unilateral attempt to alter the constitution. We should have learned that Pierre Trudeau cannot be trusted with majority power.

The confused traditions of limited government have already suffered badly during 30 years of neglect at the top, which culminated in the constitutional resolution, in defiance of a whole range of proportion for the sake of a tawdry monument to Mr. Trudeau's will.

His present effort involves the repudiation of a carefully fostered belief that a "no" victory in the Quebec referendum campaign would lead to an effort by all Canadian governments to satisfy Quebec's aspirations for change.

The details were not defined, but there was good reason for Quebec voters to expect that Claude Ryan's *Drop Paper* would feature prominently in the post-referendum language. Instead, the crash timetable imposed on constitutional discussions has precluded that. Ottawa has shown massive contempt for all Quebec voters in its actions since May 20.

Secondly, the Trudeau government has been cavalier with the contention of unanimity in constitutional change. Through more than a decade, Mr. Trudeau participated in constitutional meetings on the assumption that unanimity is necessary before major constitutional change can proceed. Now the prime minister declares that he can ignore the principle or the grounds that unanimity, defined in his terms, is too difficult to achieve. Does Ottawa's failure to gain its objectives justify it in declaring the process invalid?

Thirdly, by linking unilateral action on the constitution and energy, the Trudeau government reveals a general desire for supremacy which the federal system has not permitted Ottawa, for 30 years, the clock cannot so easily be turned back. By so audaciously challenging the energy-producing provinces, Mr. Trudeau risks shaking the union.

And fourthly, the federal government offends good relations with Britain by asking its Parliament to enact substantial amendments to the Canadian constitution which it cannot achieve at home, a request that clearly embarrasses and thus clearly undermines the British.

When Ron Lawson describes this unilateral action as a constitutional coup d'état, we may doubt him. But when Robert Bradford and Senator Arthur Tvedtnes use the same alarming phrase, we should take notice. How often can the country allow the prime minister to defy propriety without losing its constitutional traditions altogether? Are we really ready for a tin pot Napoleon IV? I trust not.

But if we are not, then Parliament has just one recourse on our behalf: to force the prime minister to abandon his unilateral resolution and go back to the bargaining table prepared this time to negotiate with his provincial counterparts. If Mr. Trudeau is not up to the task, his party must finally write another leader to try it.

Dennis Smith is an author and professor of politics at Trent University in Peterborough, Ont.

Neo-conservative guru to America's new order



'Neo-conservatism is not a mass movement'

Irving Kristol is the leading thinker and idea-builder in the neo-conservative movement, which is changing the political and intellectual complexion of the U.S. A founding editor of the distinguished quarterly *The Public Interest*, contributor to *The Wall Street Journal* and informed adviser to President-elect Ronald Reagan's transition team, Kristol's ideas on politics, economics and the moral order have an increasingly strong influence on the highest levels of American business and government. Neo-conservatism is an umbrella term that, correctly or not, has come to embrace everything from the marginal fundamentalist church movements like the Moral Majority to the credit crunch of the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank that counts Kristol as senior fellow. Critics have said a government influenced by neo-conservatism would emphasize strategic self-interest over moral principles in foreign affairs, cut back drastically on the welfare state at home, and in countless other ways offend liberal sensibilities. In an interview with Mac-

lean's, the new right. Neo-conservatism is not a mass movement. It is a movement of smart writers, professors, and students to some degree. Its ideas then infiltrate the larger sphere.

Maclean's: That makes the new right a much broader movement?

Kristol: Well, I don't know what you mean by the new right. Some people [among them Kristol] use that phrase to refer to the Moral Majority. Nothing new about those people. They've been around for a long time, it's just that no one paid much attention to them and they did not become politically articulate, but they are the ones who elected Richard Nixon. They also elected Jimmy Carter because their strength is in the South and they mirrored him as a moderately conservative southerner. But these are ordinary people, church-going, God-fearing folk who feel outraged at many things that government has done to them, especially the very strong secular and anti-religious currents that they see in liberal politics today. They decided that if the liberals could be politically active, perhaps they ought to be.

Maclean's: Does the alliance of neo-conservatism, new right and old right encompass not only Ronald Reagan's candidacy and election but also the shift in the roles of the Republican party and the Senate?

Kristol: I think so. All of these people cultivated rather different gardens in the electorate, so to speak. And I think they will all have different shades of influence within the Reagan administration. But you can't even call it an alliance. I've never met the people who lead the Moral Majority movement. I don't know that they ever read me unless they own stock and happen to read *The Wall Street Journal*. There's a lot of what is called conservatism or the conservative trend in the United States today and it's very varied.

Maclean's: To what extent do you read the election of New as a repudiation of Jimmy Carter's policies and personality and to what extent an endorsement of Ronald Reagan's policies?

Kristol: Both. Certainly it was a repudiation of Jimmy Carter and his policies. To what degree it was an embrace of Ronald Reagan's vision is hard to say, but he did win. He won marginally. It has to mean that he was feared to be victorious.

Maclean's: The negotiation is now that there is a battle going on for who is in power or the coming of Reagan's mood.

Kristol: I think that is very exaggerated. There is no such thing as a political party that doesn't have different people of thought within it. My impression at the moment is that there was only one really big fight. That was on

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economy and that was settled. The supply-side won.

Kristol: It's finished?

Mackin: As far as I can tell it's finished. Mr. Reagan is going to introduce Kemp-Roth's bill that calls for a 30-per-cent reduction in federal income taxes over three years. Now what will happen in Congress? It may not do anything. But they will go along. So that's settled and the argument is to what degree you can cut the government budget. But that's a relatively minor fight over practical judgment, not over principles. On foreign policy there are differences of emphasis, not, I don't think, there are any sharp disagreements among any of the people in the Reagan camp.

Mackin's: The U.S. economy is in trouble. Major industries such as steel and autos are asking U.S. industry to bring in foreign competition. What should be done?

Kristol: First of all, I think this economy has been badly damaged by government actions over the past dozen years or so—mainly by our own government but also by course by OPEC. On the other hand, one should never underestimate the inherent stability and powers of recuperation of a market economy. If you look at the German economy in 1950, then look at the German economy in 1965, or the Japanese economy for that matter, are not what is possible. And so I am not at all pessimistic about the economic outlook. I think given sensible economic policies—and I believe the supply-side policies are the right ones—the American economy will show a new dynamism. Not immediately, but it would be visible within 18 months. That will astound people. The basic supply-side economic policy is tripartite: cutting tax rates, slowing down the rate of growth of government expenditures and controlling money supplies to gradually bring down the rate of inflation. If we do those three things, I think it will work.

Mackin's: To what extent would you say the execution of America's foreign policy must be guided by the principle of strategic equilibrium as opposed to moral or ethical principles?

Kristol: I think once you make that distinction, you've created an insoluble problem. I think you begin with the assumption that we are a moral nation, or at least that we are a good nation. And certainly a better nation, having a better system than the Russians. That already, to some degree, claims that you just opened. To the degree that the United States is stronger in the world, it is better for the world.

Mackin's: How can support for Latin American dictators, for example, be justified in light of their violations of human rights?

Kristol: There are many occasions in for-

eign affairs where necessity dictates policy. Sometimes you form alliances with countries whose governments you don't much like. I think it should always be the purpose of American policy vis-à-vis such alliances to try to influence those governments to be less brutal, more humane. But if South Korea should execute Kim Il-sung, I'm sorry, what are we going to do? Break our alliance with South Korea? Cease being an Asian power? That makes no sense. We can deplore it. We can, as we are, use our influence quietly and I'm sure we're using a lot of it to try to stop them. On the other hand, it's their country and



'A neo-conservative could be defined as a liberal who has been mugged by reality.'

they're not our puppets, not by a long shot. There are limits to what you can do.

Mackin's: What about the flow of arms to an El Salvadoran junta?

Kristol: Sometimes a military junta is the best government a country can have. You cannot assume that in countries like Iran you have a genuine option for liberal government. The only question is what kind of authoritarian regime are you going to have? That, unfortunately, is kind of many nations in the world. And obviously we'd want an authoritarian regime that is not hostile to us.

Mackin's: What should the U.S. do about NATO partners reluctant to increase their defense spending?

Kristol's: There's going to be considerable tension in the next few years between the United States and its European allies on this whole question. The nations of Western Europe, for the most part,

have since World War II turned more and more inward and really do not wish to act as world powers and to intervene in the Middle East or Africa or War East. They're more interested in their national health services or whatever. But the United States is a world power and we shall be acting in these other parts of the world, and the Europeans are going to have to decide. Do they want simply to be our allies only within the geography of Western Europe and not co-operate with us elsewhere in the world? That would put a very great strain on the alliance.

Mackin's: What, if anything, can the U.S. do about OPEC's stranglehold on the economy?

Kristol: I don't think OPEC has a real stranglehold on the economy. At the moment, were it not for the Iraq-Iran war, there would be a large surplus of oil available. Even if Saudi Arabia cut back, there would still be a large surplus and the pressure on oil prices would be down, as it was before the war. But the tragedy is that, in this country, we have discouraged the development of oil and gas, especially gas. The real tragedy, however, is in the LDCs [Lesser Developed Countries], which have been hurt far more than we have by the increase in energy costs. But we are doing almost nothing to develop their resources for staple, national resources. The only ones who can look for oil off the coast of India are oil companies, but the Indian government doesn't want foreign oil companies around. There are whole areas of the world that haven't even been explored for energy, but where these nationalistic regimes don't want international corporations coming to do it, and the truth is the countries cannot do it themselves. If one could get them to change their energy policies, I think that would help a great deal in coping with OPEC. And then of course there's Canada, but that's a special case.

Mackin's: Go ahead.

Kristol: I don't understand the policies of the Canadian government. I don't understand why the Canadian government gives a damn whether the stock in some of its oil companies is owned by Americans or Canadians. They're passive stockholders in any case. It's a peculiar misunderstanding of what stock ownership means. And if you're talking about the ownership of a Canadian oil company by an American oil company—their disinterest is not so difficult to arrange. It can be done quietly without all this fuss and bother and nationalist fervor. Now why the Canadian government wants to get into the oil business, I don't know. Maybe it feels it has been so successful in postal delivery that now it's right to go into the oil business. ☐



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A distasteful slice of American pie

Officially nicknamed the Garden State, often known as the garbage state



By Rita Christopher

When an American magazine wanted an in-depth article on the intractable problems of urban decay, one visionary editor came up with what he considered the perfect solution. "I have it," he exclaimed, "it's in a profile of New Jersey." America's most heavily industrialized and densely populated (7,300,000) state, New Jersey, officially nicknamed the Garden State, registers in popular esteem as the garbage state.

Conferencé Gilda Radner summarized what much of the rest of America

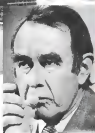
Governor Byrne: spread the good news



thinks when she craved, "New Jersey! It makes me wanna die." And one of America's master wingers, Woody Allen, immortalized his own anti-New Jersey sentiments when he observed, "A certain intelligence governs our universe except for certain parts of New Jersey."

It's not necessary, of course, to be a professional comedian to insult New Jersey. It's a game anyone can play. A favorite Watergate golf gave Richard Nixon the choice of life in prison or life in New Jersey. When authorities searching for the body of Teasdale lost Jimmy Hoffa burrowed through a particular New Jersey garbage dump, where legend has it many mob figures have found eternal peace, one sage observed, "The Mafia regards the dump in much the same fashion as the military regards Arlington National Cemetery."

Image problems are nothing new for New Jersey. More than 300 years ago, Benjamin Franklin took one of the first recorded potshots at the state. With the major metropolitan of New York City to the north and Philadelphia to the south, Franklin referred to New Jersey contemptuously as "a barrel tapped at both its ends." (Franklin's lack of charity may well have been inspired by his animosity toward his illegitimate son William, the last loyalist governor of New Jersey—no doubt a thorn in the side of a father who so ardently supported the American Revolution.)



Industrial pollution, Senator Williams: sewage problems are nothing new

Many residents blame the state's persistent sewage problems on one of its best-known landmarks—the New Jersey Turnpike, famed for its unimpaired status of immaculate fuel storage tanks. "The turnpike is one of the most heavily travelled roads in the entire country, and there's no denying that it's just a very ugly road," says Howard Shapiro, deputy director of New Jersey's Washington lobbying office. "That's all many people see of New Jersey and it accounts for what a lot of outsiders say about the state."

Even those who are not familiar with the turnpike are likely to know about what is often considered one of New Jersey's major growth industries—governmental corruption. When Thomas Gangemi Sr., a former mayor of Jersey City, was forced to resign in 1988 after investigation had unfortunately revealed he was not an American citizen, his parting comments were eloquent



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testimony to the power that local political boss John V. Kerry exercised over many municipal officials. Said the disgraced politician, "I'm proud to be a puppet of John V. Kerry."

The justice department's current Abner probe has focused so relentlessly on New Jersey politicians, from municipal officeholders to United States Senator Harrison Williams, that local political observers have taken to calling the entire operation "Jerseygate." Humorist Martin Kramar, how-

ever, finds cause for celebration in the regularly with which the network news airs 60 videotapes of New Jersey lawmakers cutting off bribes-stuffed briefcases. "For a while I was worried when former governor Martin Mandel of Maryland was sent to jail," confesses Kramar. "It looked like Maryland might have stolen New Jersey's first place in crime status. After Abner I guess it's quite clear that we've gotten it back again." But Phil Longene, chief political writer for New Jersey Monthly magazine, "We have a reputation for corruption, sure," he points out, "but part of the reason is that we have good law enforcement. When somebody gets caught in this state, it makes headlines. Nevada doesn't make that kind of headline with its crime. Out there they more or less just roll with it."

Governor Brendan Byrne has his own novel explanation of why his state is held in such low national esteem. He has, on occasion, ordered his fellow New Jerseyans for spreading some of the doctored propaganda in order to preserve for themselves the state's miles of sandy ocean beaches, unspoiled tidal marshes and pure woodland crisscrossed with politico-free streams. The governor's theory finds support in a recent poll by the Eagleton Institute of the New Jersey Rutgers University. It reveals the good news that 68 per cent of



Cape May miles of sandy ocean beaches

spread the good news about their state beyond their own borders. The Federal Communications Commission has taken a major step toward granting the state, one of the two that lack a VHF television station, its first major commercial television outlet. "I don't know that a New Jersey network outlet will counter all the negative images that out-of-state news have about New Jersey," contends lobbyist Shapiro, "but there's no doubt that a VHF channel will make a major impact. New Jerseyans will no longer have to rely on New York and Philadelphia stations for news about their state."

Meanwhile, some New Jersey residents see a way by which their state's reputation can be used to snatch a victory from the jaws of defeat—the defeat, in this case, of the National Football League's Giants, whose losing seasons have become a fixture in the annual standings. Although they have played all their home games at New Jersey's Meadowlands stadium for some five years, the Giants, much to the annoyance of local fans, have refused to adopt New Jersey and are still known as the New York Giants. With faith born some hope in the Ginter diurnal wind-tail round. "If they lose more games," he predicts, "they'll call them the New Jersey Giants. No one but New Jersey would claim such losers." ◇

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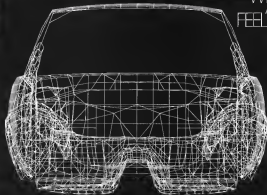
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OH
WHAT
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A tranquillizer a day keeps the straitjacket away

After reading *Between Bliss and Boredom* (Cover, Dec. 8), I must applaud Val Jones for a well-researched article on a very real and contemporary issue. As a pharmacist, I am sure that psychiatrists do have a place in today's health care system. However, they must be prescribed rationally and whenever possible used only as an adjunct to other forms of therapy. All members of the health care team and their licensing bodies must make a concerted effort to educate the public as to the correct use of drugs as well as the potential physical and psychological potentials of drug misuse and abuse. As usual, this week's magazine demonstrates that Maclean's has assumed its place among the finest newspapers. —VINCE PURICACI, Port Colborne, Ont.

I wish to congratulate you on the fine, well-balanced article on mood drugs. The only note of concern I feel is that despite the attempt of its author to point out the very real controversies surrounding the use of drugs in psychiatric illness, the impression is given that these drugs should not be used until their role is clarified. While attractive in theory, the result is to condemn thousands of otherwise independent, functioning, living—albeit drugged—individuals and their families to incredible pain and suffering. For many these drugs are liberating and not chemical straitjackets but life jackets. —STEPHEN MCNEVIN, M.D., Winnipeg.

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Mood-altering drugs: These drugs keep me on a roller coaster type of nerve trip.

A nation divided

I am moved to speak out on the subject of western separatism (*Separatism West, Fact or Fable?*, Cover, Dec. 1). Until recently, the majority of us tended to view separatists as the fanatic fringe, but such is no longer the case. One almost entirely to the take-it-or-leave-it attitude of the federal government, separatism is gaining more and more credibility as the only viable solution to what is fast becoming an impossible situation. It is a pity that the men who fought and died in the last two world wars may not be sacrificed to one man's dream of immortality.

—SHARON KEEFOUR, Coquitla, B.C.

I'm getting tired of hearing all the complaints from the Canadian westerners. What provinces of Canada are considered here and how many? Is it just as I feel? Ontario? What pays less for oil and natural gas? Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, that's who. Do the people of Ontario and Quebec pay less for their manufactured goods? No, we pay the same price as the West. I

think westerners better take a good look at what they have, and start complaining about the inequality of the Canadian government. —CLINT WOOD, Welland, Ont.

If the media keeps up their endless coverage of western separatism, it won't be long before it grows into a viable idea in people's minds. I wouldn't call it a threat right now with just five per cent of the people in the four western provinces supporting separatism from Canada, but once the media gets hold of something they like they could easily turn fact into fact.

—DAVID HEYWOOD, Newmarket, Ont.

In your article about western separatism I am quoted as saying "When we get a first-class credible leader there will be an incredible explosion of separatism. Look out if they find a credible leader—it is the most dangerous thing going on in Canada today, far more dangerous than Quebec because it is based on economic, not cultural, issues." My use of the word "we" is the first sentence would lead to a presumption that I am a separatist. Nothing could be further from the truth. I am not a separatist nor have I ever been one. However, if this Liberal national government continues its offensive and other tactics in regard to Western Canada, on one way of the Lakehead can predict the future.

—CHUCK COPEL, House of Commons, Ottawa

In the article *Living With the Ghosts of the Holocaust* (November, Dec. 22), Maclean's inadvertently identified the photographer of Judy Wiener on *Day of Savage* and John Snow on *Robert Krell*. The magazine apologizes for any inconvenience.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 410 Denison Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5G 1A5.

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A little help for his friends

A web of PQ patronage and abuse of public trust is emerging in Quebec

By David Thomas

Wrestlers had already raised the roof of a run-down building on Montreal's busy St. Denis street when, in 1977, the Parti Québécois government rushed in to save it. A supposedly nonprofit cultural group joined in the building was government approved—and money—to renovate the structure for shops, community activities and housing. Now, René Lévesque's government might wish it had let the wrestlers finish the job.

The restoration project is rife with the elements of political scandal. Maclean's has learned that part of the \$88,000 government grant, secured by a mortgage, for restoration, was used to pay business taxes and a liquor licence for a bar. More of the mortgage money was converted to payments to the project's "nonprofit" administrators while the bulk of it went to a government employee and contractor with direct links to the premier. Further, confidential documents show that high government officials were informed nearly a year ago of alleged misuse of Quebec Housing Corporation funds. Yet nothing was done to clean up what is emerging as a web of patronage and abuse of public trust.

A government project suspense last March warned Quebec Housing Corporation President Jean-Marie Couture—a Lévesque appointee—of a "surprise" diversion of the mortgage money by the nonprofit Société du Logement, Centre-Ville. The Société's administrators, said the report, "appeared to intend to have a nightclub built for themselves within a budget reserved for supposed restoration. We have only to witness the planned expansion of the basement and ground floor—work which is the major cause of the cost increase of the project. After studying these plans I have concluded that this is not a work of restoration and I do not believe the housing corporation should be participating in such projects."

The inspector, Yves Lamyache, warned the housing corporation president that divulging the facts surrounding the project would cause scandal. "I do not dare imagine the state that delicate situation in which you could find yourself, all of it due to the flagrant negligence of certain persons in your



Lévesque: the restoration project somehow covered a nightclub and a bar

encourage." An aide to Housing Minister Guy Bérthiaud Friday the minister ordered an inquiry into the affair last summer but that Couture has yet to supply complete information.

Among the known facts are these: the PQ cabinet in 1979 authorized Couture's housing corporation to give the \$88,000 mortgage and a \$20,000 grant to the Société du Logement. The building was also leased to the group at a dollar a year for 35 years. To help pay back the mortgage, the nonprofit group, the housing corporation and the government's Société des Aliments du Québec agreed to use some of the funds to

order to renovate part of the premises for a government liquor store in the building above the nightclub. Twelve small apartments were to be renovated on the upper floors. The nonprofit group then hired a housing corporation employee, Luc Cyr, to do the actual work through his private contracting company, Transil Inc.—a curious procedure since Cyr had been involved in planning the project as head of the housing corporation's major repair service. Cyr, 34, is a longtime Parti Québécois supporter, a reputed hanger-on for last May's referendum campaign and was appointed to the housing corporation on the recommendation of Lévesque's closest political adviser, Jean-Sébastien Boivin. He left

Maclean's
vol. 10 no. 2

the corporation last August. Cyr, wearing his private contractor's hat, stopped work on the project in December, 1979, when it became obvious that the Société de Logement could not pay its mounting costs.

Some \$300,000 had already been spent and provincial auditors were sent to investigate just where the money went. Société de Logement President Renaud Gendron gave auditors a document showing \$25,958 had been paid in salaries to Société administrators and \$1,773 went as wages to a labor organization, the Société pour le Développement des Arts Gendron admitted to Montreal's Thursday that the \$1,773 was in fact used to pay the taxes and the *Ligue Française* for a bar with the unfortunate name La Grande Pisse (The Big Siam). Gendron refused, however, to say who actually got the other \$25,958. Montreal's also learned that a further \$50,000 was paid back by Cyr to Gendron's group for demolition work to effect, Lévesque's friend the contractor hired the nonprofit group as a subcontractor using mortgage funds supplied by the government agency of which he, Cyr, was an employee.



Such creation as of public money was a Cyr specialty, according to information that became public last month. Cyr was co-ordinator of the housing corporation to co-ordinate \$6 million in repair work on public housing projects throughout Quebec and demonstrated remarkable aptitude in awarding contracts without tender—against established government policy. He hired his son Daniel to act as a buyer, hired his daughter Johanne and gave a \$200,000 contract to his brother-in-law, Claude Auhin, for a project in Rivière Rouge, 250 km away from his home in St-Jérôme. According to a lengthy business document, in another business Cyr administered project in Châteauguay, a \$1,254 contract was awarded to an architect and \$3,169 paid to a project supervisor for paving work which cost only \$882.

Police investigations of Cyr's dealings have been limited to use of alleged over-billing reported by a private construction firm. Said a spokesman for Justice Minister Marc-André Bélard: "We aren't going to have a witch-hunt." Last month Lévesque defended Cyr, saying he is an old friend of the party and has "a reputation for integrity which, as far as I know, is perfect." Lévesque's own reputation for integrity—loudly touted during the 70's drive for power—is suffering by his ties with Cyr. In the next provincial election campaign, which may be imminent, he will find himself in the same uncomfortable position as his predecessor, Bourassa, juggling charges of old-fashioned patronage and bad administration.



St. Denis Street building under renovation, and Olivier Bellet, maybe, the wreckers should have finished the job

The Prime Minister

A fut-fut here, a fut-fut there

When Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's Austrian rescue chapter finally left behind out of the snow again in Salzburg airport last week, *Levesque* Inspector George Carter leaped himself out from behind Trudeau and grinned in the joy word. As the PM's bodyguard, Carter had shared his chapter's four-day confinement in the snow in the town of Lech. Of the unapologetic Trudeau, Carter joked: "We're all friends now. It's George and St." Whatever it might have melted in Lech, week after of Trudeau's trip to Austria and tropical poor countries had done little for the army he wanted to promote between the rich North and impoverished South. Even as the trip got back at truck in Nigeria, officials on the Trudeau plane were still assessing the diplomatic damage left by their Alpine Misadventure.

The first had to be used up, Austria's Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, was no problem. The supping Kreisky chatted with Trudeau by phone for 20 minutes and amicably agreed to try for another meeting later. It's a meeting Trudeau wants, after Kreisky is a sponsor of a North-South summit meeting proposed for next June in Mexico City. Algeria, next on Trudeau's route, proved trickier. A day late in taking off for Algeria, Trudeau was just about to board his 747 in Salzburg when the Canadian embassy in Vienna received the message from Algeria: the hosts wanted to cancel because President Chadli Bendjedid could not reimburse a meeting with Trudeau. It was a bad visit in more

Toronto lobbyist reaction: Aschitz was understanding but Algeria cancelled out

PIERRE WHO?

I'm
**Prime
Crozier**
Bourassa

Algeria is an ideological leader in the Third World and a key player in a range of negotiations between North and South. Its government is also sensitive and emotionally suspicious of the wealthy West. For these reasons Trudeau personally oversees the drafting of an apology while the exchange is asked for the night at the Canadian Press Bar in Lake, West Germany. Extraordinarily efforts for a note of regret, it expressed both apologies and embarrassment while explaining in detail his difficulties in Lech. Fretful a Trudeau aide: "They might say understand European weather or believe this

tries resisting concession to the poor. Trudeau in turn said the two see eye to eye on halting the North-South summit.

However diverting this Clarke-up has been for the officials, it has offered the snow of reporters and Trudeau can riding in the back of the plane some obvious attractions: a useful journey in lovely Salzburg dispatching weather reports to Canada instead of more demanding accounts of the intricacies of North-South relations. For some, there was the intriguing search for the culprit who advised Trudeau to sit in Lech. As Trudeau and Kreisky

Trudeau in Austria (above) and arriving in Lagos: eye on North and South



could happen. The letter referred, with more hope than certainty, to "our forthcoming meeting." Obviously, there was no Algerian reply by the weekend.

Not was there much comfort for the Canadians when they arrived in the hot, adhesive heat of Lagos. After a hostess-waiter reception of drinks and dancing, Trudeau had been promoted a greeting by Nigerian President Abacha Shagari—considered a rare honor because Shagari normally only welcomes fellow heads of state, not government leaders. But Shagari didn't show. It was entirely possible, perhaps, but not thought unusual by flexible Nigerian standards. Still, the Canadian officials, who had spent three days in the cold waiting for the tour to start, shrugged off to bed that night looking understandably plump. Mood improved the next day when Trudeau and Shagari declared themselves pleased with their meetings. Shagari urged Trudeau to use his influence on resister rich com-

bust, he said. It was Kreisky. An early report had Kreisky actually telling Trudeau not to visit Lech because it was notorious for bad weather, but this was dismissed by the Prime Minister's Office as a "dirty play" by tourism officials from West Germany. Hightower, a rival source where Trudeau was to have met the chancellor. Outside the exquisite hotel were a hockey game, Mozart recitals, splendid cathedral masses on Epiphany and other pleasures. There was even a treatise of pay at the thought of the deprivations threatening the trapped prime minister. From Lech, however, Trudeau telephoned steadily that the ordeal reached its worst when the snow melted and fresh fish vanished from the town. Five days after the trip was to have begun when he at last had held his first summit, Trudeau was asked whether it was all worthwhile. Even if his North-South diplomatic legacy, he replied: "I will never regret having tried!" —JOHN HAY

National

Some Candu, some don't

YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS BETTER ON YOUR AGE, George Brown said to

Nike bundling that slogan around when he was Canada's trade minister in the early 1960s, instead of a national industrial policy that consisted of finding markets abroad where goods had been made. Research beforehand and trade missions after were rare.

The YUBERSON lesson, it seems, has yet to be learned by Ottawa and the energy, mines and resources department, as far as Canada's nuclear industry is concerned. At least, that's the view of Woods Gordon (90), the heavy-weight Toronto-based management consultant, in a report that hasn't been officially released by the government yet.

The highly tested Candu reactor, acknowledged internationally as one of the safest, most reliable and cheapest to operate in the world, is the focus of the report. Mr. Woods says that potential customers doubt Canada can build Candus abroad as well as it does domestically, that Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. (AECL) lacks "commercial and project management skills" and that Ottawa is "not supportive of a viable Candu export program." Considering that just one reactor sale can be worth \$1 billion to the Canadian economy, the latitude is narrow.

The report, commissioned by the government, is based on 22 interviews here and 41 abroad as 80 picked brains in Belgium, Yugoslavia, Greece, Britain, the Netherlands, Portugal, Italy and France. They got the views not only of possible customers, but also of AECL's main competitor, FRAMATOME, the French agency. Mr. Woods was told, however, to stay away from such politically sensitive customers as South Korea, Argentina, India and Mexico, and only, only one AECL interview, with President Jim Donnelly, was included. AECL felt it had a "warred interest" that was already well-known.

Much of the criticism of Ottawa focuses on its long-standing ambivalence about exporting CANDU reactors to create with substantial public funds. The 1960-61 AECL budget is \$206 million while the Atomic Energy Control Board is worthily underfunded at \$15 million. Back in the mid-1960s, the Canadian government, through AECL, created a leading technology and industry, "notes the report. "However while the health of the industry depends upon exports, Canada is not sure



Donnelly and Canada reactor potential customers have tended to be invited

strangest in the world," the report says this policy could be cutting Canada customers. Before Ottawa even negotiates a sale, customers are asked to sign a safeguards agreement that exceeds, in some areas, the already tough rules laid down by the International Atomic Energy Agency. Potential customers tend to be invited, there's an implication of

distrust, even of Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty signatories. Yet, suggests possible "reconsideration of safeguards policy" to overcome this hurdle, a suggestion certain to be dismissed by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who said in Parliament last year that "there is no question of lowering the standards." Canada, in fact, is a world trend-setter in safeguards and has been that way ever since India and Canadian technology to help it build in 1974, a considerable international embarrassment. Another difficult option mentioned by IAEA is that Canada consider "taking back spent fuel." Open to criticism that it could turn Canada into a nuclear dumping ground, this led to attract more customers through a better customer sales stance is also certain to be shelved aside. A third option is "increased domestic use of nuclear power," also marketable than it seems to be seen, but AECB has opposed for years that the government should promote more reactors in Canada. The contention is that potential customers won't buy if we don't ourselves.

The future of the Canadian industry has been comfortable for some time and the Conservatives had planned a full-blown parliamentary inquiry before they were defeated last February. Trudeau scrapped the idea in favor of this internal inquiry, saying "The time schedule for keeping our industry viable is very, very short. We cannot wait for a long inquiry to decide whether we stay

This life to be resumed

When Emerson Bonnar was allowed home for Christmas in Fredericton for the first time in 38 years, it was indeed fortunate when finally changing for the man who had spent nearly half his life confined in a mental hospital. Then last week, Bonnar got an even bigger present. New Brunswick Lieutenant-Governor Harold Rusk signed an order lifting the warrant under which Bonnar had been held and is at in motion a process that should eventually see the 35-year-old man returned permanently to Fredericton from the hospital in Campbellton, N.B.

The more chaotic a year of national politics, about the case that involved a CBC-TV Newfoundland program and stories in *Newsweek's* March 2 and Oct. 12, 1980 Bonnar was 19 in 1944 when he was involved in an alleged parent-matching incident. Judged unfit to stand trial because he was mentally retarded, he was sent to a mental hospital under a legal mechanism called a "detention order," a warrant. Such warrants have no set duration and last "at the pleasure of the detention-gov-



Bonnar Bonnar and son Emerson after 36 years, a dramatic sweep of the past

ernment." In Bonnar's case, it was last spring before public attention led to a new "detention" warrant and some rehabilitative treatment for the patient. And then, in the fall, the board that periodically reviews such cases recommended lifting the warrant entirely, setting the stage for Rusk's dramatic stroke of the pen last week.

No one was more pleased with the possibility of Bonnar's homecoming than his 37-

year-old mother, Bessie, who has fought a long and fiery battle for his release. She said "I feel everything's going my way now." But she also vowed to keep bounding authorities until she does indeed have her son back to her midst. This week a treatment team at the Campbellton hospital was scheduled to meet and determine how best to phase Bonnar back into society after half a lifetime in an institution.

—DAVID FOLSTER

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is the game." The Canadian Nuclear Association has known this for years but so far has been unable to make its case successfully. In fact, the crisis reassessed a consultant's study of its own that said pretty much the same thing offered by Woods Gordon. That was in August, 1978. —Ken Peck

Alberta

A new channel for 'The National'

What, it might be asked, do frustrated members of an endangered species, the Western Canadian Liberal, do with themselves when the threat for parliamentary power still lingers? If you are the maverick Edmonton Liberal M. Harris, former MP for Edmonton-Sherwood (1968 to 1972), you simply form your own political party. Last week, the

formation of provincial ownership of natural resources, guaranteed world prices for oil, sulphur, wheat, potash, and a reformed, "regionalized" Senate ("our No. 1 legislative objective") should appeal strongly to western sentiment at the moment. On world oil prices, Harris takes an even more passionate stand than Alberta's Pat Leighton, demanding an immediate increase to world levels on newly discovered oil and tar sands oil.

Harris organizers have established offices in Vancouver and Edmonton and are working at attracting 400 delegates to a spring convention. A full leadership convention will follow, where Harris will run for the post that legitimizes. The National party intends to contest any and all by-elections in preparation for the ultimate test—a federal election. Harris' brandish appears on the western scene like a page out of the shortly planned of the *Thomas Campbell*, Progressive, who went from obscurity to 60 seats and the balance of power in the 1981 Mackenzie King minority government.



Harris: helping an endangered species

Edmonton 39-year-old consultant, businessman and defuncted Liberal announced the birth of "The National"—a pro-federalist, Western Canadian party created to provide a forum "for Western Canadians tired of being ignored by the existing federal parties." Claims Harris, who has bankrolled The National with \$10,000 of his own money. "The federal Liberals are a completely dead party in Western Canada and intend to have it that way."

With no apologies to the Cbc's grating newscaster Keweenaw Naak, The National's eleven-hour platform comes at a time when there are confusions in separatist group ranks, infighting among the Clark PCs and a vacuum as broad and open as a prairie vista where Liberals once stood. "We will provide an answer to those who feel the only alternative to frustration with central Canada is secession," says Harris. The National platform, which includes ref-

erment with a platform based on grievances against parliamentary protection for eastern manufacturing interests. He knows the voters, this time as in the past, could be the federal Conservatives.

With the Liberals holding no seats west of the Red River and the Conservative leadership up for review, Harris may not even have to wait for by-elections to see the first defections. "I've already had at least one Alberta Conservative express interest in joining," he claims. "The big difference between us and the western PCs is, we aren't captive to Central Canada party control."

The National's organizers are even eyeing the Atlantic provinces, estimating that a revenue bond can be struck between the two regions based on the Easterners' fight with Ottawa over off-shore oil. Part of the reason to

The nearest province for the Tories come into but none who feel. Unlike Harris, they only Quebec are moving to the west to become leaders of the Western National.

go with "National," as opposed to "Western" party, can be explained by the hope that non-Westerners will support the Harris movement. Even so, Harris laughingly admits that in naming his party The National he was intrigued by the obscure meaning of names carried by popular rock groups such as the Grateful Dead. "It means something," smiles Harris, and it doesn't. —WAYNE SCOTT

Manitoba

Brimstone in the house of God

In St. Pierre Jolys (population 1,500, 40 km north of Winnipeg, parish founded for warrent last week built one of the two towers of the local parish church. Since October, 1979, the fields have been the only regular visitors to the 70-year-old huge-brick building, but even they may soon be sent scurrying on their way. Gaping cracks in the brickwork threaten their routine place given a hint of this end. More so does the sign on the front door. "This building is officially closed for public company by the St. Boniface Diocese authorities and the Department of Labor, Manitoba Government."

Closed it may be, but not so the wounds in the town. The cracks in the brickwork are but symbols of much deeper ones that have torn the community for the past decade. The split began to surface that a year ago this month the parish priest of 34 years, Father Lucien Bouvier, was ordered by Archbishop Antoine Hovavak to take a month's leave for "protracted grief." At first glances, the mourning arose as

Church at St. Pierre-Jolys some cracks go deeper than the brickwork



sway the fate of the church itself. A 1966 study declared it was structural. The end of its useful life and structural responses were ordered each spring and fall. A report in 1964 noted serious cracking of the main rafters, and another in 1968 showed concerns for the foundations and the possible collapse of the south wall. Finally, in September, 1979, the provincial government closed the church and posted a closed notice on the door. But there is far more to the affair than bricks and mortar.

About 300 parishioners, led by Joe Robinson, a local lumberyard operator and builder, have been bitterly fighting the decision ever since. Robinson, baptized in the church 44 years ago, has

never let it be said that he underlines his opposition to demolition is a deep dislike and distrust of parish priest Bouvier. "He's been a divisive influence ever since he came here," says Robinson bitterly. "He has refused communion to some, refused a child baptism and disapproved the Women's Catholic League because they didn't want to spend money they'd raised on a new church." Bouvier refuses to discuss the frays of accusations, though he admits the Women's League was dissolved. "They were being used by pro-French political activists." Last summer, in an attempt to defuse the situation, Cultural Affairs Minister Norcia Price suggested a joint government-diocese study be done on the church. Proposed by 1981, a committee

Winnipeg, the report (released Dec. 22) claims renovations would cost \$275,000 and says a new church can be built for a mere \$300,000. Robinson and his supporters demanded public discussion of the report, claiming renovation estimates are exaggerated and that the figure for building a new church was understated. And, as Christ was come and went, neither side was giving an inch. On St. Boniface, facing the religious station of the church's frozen graveyard, the snow was swirling about a child manager some beneath the bright light of the sun. In 1978, as the town, though, peace on earth and goodwill toward men seemed in short supply.

PHOTO BY JIM HARRIS FOR THE GLOBE AND MAIL

The game of the name is forget it

When English business names became illegal in Quebec last week and governmentally forced French names because of rigid, an estimated 7,000 firms were still violating that provision of the province's 1977 French Language Charter. The Parti Québécois government appears reluctant to force compliance, and many businessmen are delaying conversion of names and operations to French in the expectation that the rig will be toppled in the year's elections. In consequence, Modern's has learned, the extensive languages bureaucracy set up to apply the law is rife with frustration that the rig cabinet refuses to prosecute offenders. Eight separate requests that firms be charged for various infractions have been made to Justice Minister Marc-Aurèle Blaisard by the Commission Bilinguisme, but the files have languished on the minister's desk, none of them for more than two years. Complained an official. "At first we thought they wanted to avoid court battles before the referendum. Now it looks like they won't do anything before the election."

Government reluctance to enforce the law it created in a fury of retributive triumph has created an embarrassing administrative waste as appeal boards established as a court of last resort for businesses that have been denied "certificates of translation" have been idly open for business. In March, 1979, the reason because the government refuses to enforce its law is the courts, no certificate has been refused or rescinded.

Often the delant businesses are small family enterprises which have been visited by government language inspectors after a complaint by a member of the public. One, the Klay Arm



Montreal store signs and place plates must cut out damned English words

Indian restaurant in Montreal, was denounced by a client who complained that he was "discriminated as a Quebecer" because he was greeted in English by a waitress and that the French on the bilingual menu was grammatically flawed. The inspection authority last week confirmed that restaurant proprietor Antoine Gosselin was told his place signs were in violation of the law because they included English-only commands by customers.

Some businesses have temporarily blotted out English words with paint or even garbage bags in hopes that a Liberal movement will return bilingual signs to legality. Most Quebec businesses are complying with the law and since October the office has advised 235

firms a day on name changes. In a sample week last month, 446 companies registered new French names with provincial authorities. More than half these still unchanged belong to French-speaking businesses whose company names are in what language officials call "bilingualism"—a mish-mash of French and English—such as Patrimoine Super-Prix. "It's the result of an old attitude among French-speaking businessmen that as English name carried more authority," said office spokesman Jean-Yves Houle.

Certainly the status of French as a business language has been enhanced in Quebec but, with the rig's clerical decree widely interpreted, it is the authority of its language law that suffers diminishing prestige. The law's provisions affecting businesses may never be taken as seriously as at first. With the name of Quebec's governing party has itself been changed—from Parti Québécois to Liberal.—DAVID THOMAS

Bloody January in Britain

Despite a year of economic hardship and more to come, Maggie stands firm



By Carol Kennedy

As Mrs. Walters gave a small frosty smile for the cameras as she alighted from a taxi at 10 Downing Street one day last week, headlines in hand and just off the overnight plane from Washington, the economic professor from Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University, in Britain for a two-year stint as Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's personal adviser, had reason to smile. He will make \$12,000 a year and have an office at the seat of power. But those who hoped for a softening of Thatcher's strategy in 1981 could hardly smile with him. Walters, 54, is a 28-carat, hard-line monetarist. Few in Britain, except the gilded high-spenders, had much to celebrate. Economic prospects looked even worse than a year ago. In the words of the old Placidus and Bessie song, it was *Bloody January* again.

The year just past had produced the highest unemployment since the 1930s—22 million, the largest decline in manufacturing output: an record—10 per cent, the most company bankruptcies ever—4,814, and the fastest-ever growth in the money supply—over 20 per cent. As the economic woes deepened, the nation's car parks for 1981, the Treasury, the Farm-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) and the Bank of England predicted a further drop in output. The OECD said unemployment would reach three million in the first half of



Stranded cars abandoned on an airport (top left); Walters; Thatcher (top right); and anti-Peet demonstration hard times for everyone but the gilded high spenders

1982, but the respected City of London stockbrokers Phillips and Fearn, said it would be near three million by the end of this year. The firm also announced the cumulative decline in manufacturing output at 14 per cent from 1979 to 1981, a sharper rate of recession than the 11 per cent registered between 1929 and 1933.

Thatcher blithely ignored these Cassandra in a defiantly upbeat message on TV and radio, she intoned that the economy was beginning to recover. How new computers had started up in 1980 thus at any time in the past four years, she claimed. But where was the new growth? The Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation (ICFC), which provides equity finance, currently has approximately \$2 billion invested in 1,000 companies. But the biggest sector to which it lends—"insurance, banking, finance, business, professions and scientific services"—provides little scope for offsetting the industrial layoffs of 1980. As if to

underline that bleak message, Fisons, Britain's second biggest fertilizer manufacturer, began the year by closing 1,300 jobs—more than a quarter of its work force.

There was no sign either, at the Treasury, of money to "recycle" Britain's North Sea oil revenues—expected to peak in 1980—out of general government revenues and into specific subsidies of industrial enterprises. Other indicators of economic hope being brackish by Thatcherite optimists were equally unambiguous. The money supply

was showing lower monthly growth, but as The Guardian pointed out, this merely reflected its demand for money on the recession but deeper. Lower inflation (10.3 per cent in 1980) likewise increased desperation to sell to people who were not buying. Fewer working days lost in strikes last year translated fewer were working.

There were some bright spots. British Leyland's Sir Michael (Roverman) Edwards once again faced down resolute workers who had threatened a strike that would have destroyed the buoyant market for the company's new Metro model. Ian MacGregor, the tough new Scottish-American boss of British Steel, was expected to get the votes he wanted next week for his survival plan, which involves considerable job losses in return for a further infusion of public money.

Thatcher, meanwhile, moved last week to face down rebellious elements in her own cabinet. In what Liberal

'Lynch-mob journalism'

There was nothing odd about the presence of a man and a woman in a parked car in the redoubt district of Sheffield, Yorkshire—except that a passing lorry suspended the car had stolen license plates so Sergeant Robert King tapped on the driver's window to bring a series of events that moved with astonishing speed last week all the way to a rooftop in Whitehall and in the press about possible breaches of the hallowed traditions of British justice.

Forty-eight hours after the Sheffield incident, Britain was informed by TV and radio that a man was being held in connection with the five-year hunt for the notorious "Yorkshire Ripper," and that he would appear in court next day on "a serious charge." The Ripper murders, regarded as Britain's worst series of crimes in modern history, involved the deaths of up to 12 women—all in northern industrial cities, principally Leeds—by savage bludgeoning and mutilation. Whole communities were ter-



Sheffields is led into court under a cloak of night (top left) and angry mob parked in a red-light district

leader David Reid sarcastically dubbed "The night of the long knives," she demoted a prominent cabinet critic House of Commons leader Norman St. John Stavis, and Parliament-General Angus Maude. Others shifted sideways, or promoted, included the capable Francis Pym (long defense is leader of the Commons) John Nott and John Biffen, both afflicting manufacturers, went respectively from trade to defense and from treasury to trade.

In a way there was no parallel for the country in the off-balance serial of Times Newspapers, which landed as toward its March 31 deadline with no clue as to who had led for what and how much. The rival Financial Times reported that some 30 bids had been received, and at week's end Gordon Breton, chief executive of Lord Thomson's British holding company, adopted cautiously optimistic. But the only publicly announced bidder so far was a consortium of journalists from The Times headed by editor William Rees-Mogg and backed by such industrialists as Sir John Selwyn of the steel giant and Lord Weinstock of General Electric.

But perhaps the most apt metaphor for the explosive potential of the British mood was a parcel addressed to the prime minister from No. 18 by an obscure Scottish left-wing splinter group. After an alert postal note had voiced its concerns, it was revealed before delivery inside a 1.8 kilo bomb.

noted after the latter began operations in Leeds in 1975. Initially, the victims were postmen, but in recent years they included university students and even a 16-year-old schoolgirl. Like his mysterious Victorian namesake, who slashed prostitutes to death in London's East End, the killer, who on several occasions ventured outside the county of Yorkshire, taunted police with letters signed Jack the Ripper—and a modern retirement-aged messages. Public interest and police frustration over the case had remained high and, last week, the two came together with some dangerous results to the basic principle that a person is presumed innocent until proven otherwise "beyond reasonable doubt."

On Monday, Peter William Boff, a 35-year-old Bradford man, married with no children, who worked as a long-distance truck driver for an engineering firm, was charged at Dewsbury court in West Yorkshire with two offenses. One related to stolen license plates, the other to the murder of Jacqueline Hill, a 26-year-old student, in Leeds last November.

Even before he appeared in court, the national press had assumed a Ripper link and drawn its own ill-considered conclusions. When Scotland was driven up to the red-light district court-

house for the eighteenth hearing, a crowd of more than 1,000, which had been gathering all day, surged forward menacingly, baying for revenge. Later, the senior-general, Sir Ian Paterson, publicly rebuked officers for their cavalier treatment of the laws of courtesy and court—currently the subject of a bill which could make them apply from the moment of arrest or the issue of a warrant, rather than of charge, as at present. Labour MP Thomas McNally condemned what he called "lynch-mob journalism," and at week's end, it was announced the Prime Minister would hold an inquiry.

The Yorkshire police and its "Ripper Squad," as both The Times and The Guardian editorialized sternly, were at least partly to blame. At a press confer-

ence, West Yorkshire Chief Constable Ronald Gregory had said he was "absolutely delighted" that the Ripper search—the largest and most costly in British police history—would immediately be "ended right down."

Gregory subsequently maintained that nothing he said prejudiced a fair trial. But the police began to be noticeably more circumspect. Criminal proceedings would take some time. It was not, as several lines of inquiry were still being pursued. Lancashire women were keeping their face open on Alan Harrison, regarded as an early Ripper victim. Suddenly, the only thing that was certain was that nothing was certain.

For Scotland, in Yorkshire's grim, fortress-like Ardsley jail, that must have included the prospect of a fair trial. At week's end Kerry MacCall, his lawyer, succeeded in an application that his client should not have to appear in person at the next hearing, on January 14, in order to keep him from the crowds. He may also need to be kept from the not-so-hot-and-mad, in fact, any notion of the pronounced idea, of local areas. Indeed, MacCall has already said that of Scotland were committed to the "defense," the defense would ask for the trial to be held outside Yorkshire. —C.K.

No gunfight on the Rio Grande

The softest job in the United States belongs, it seems, to the president-elect. He is allowed to do anything, see anyone and—let's be so polite to encroach on Jimmy Carter's territory—he is never required to say anything of substance. The less he speaks, the more he is spoken of, the more he is, the more he is perceived. It is, in short, a public relations fantasy; and Ronald Reagan is making the most of it. Last week he dropped in on Ciudad Juarez, a Mexican border town across the Rio Grande from El Paso. He stayed about two hours, shook hands with Mexican President José López Portillo, uttered some graceful homilies about "closer ties" and flew on to Washington.

Billed as a "getting-to-know-you" trip, Reagan's Mexican journey was rich in symbolism, of nothing else. Under a cloud of water sun, López Portillo stands across the bridge of friendship, which straddles the Rio Grande, to greet his American visitor—the first U.S. president-elect to visit Mexico. Later, during a 50-minute meeting in Juárez's Museum of Art and History, the two leaders agreed to respect each other, agreed to meet again and agreed to instruct their respective secretaries

of state to draft an agenda for bilateral and multilateral talks. It was an agreeable session all round.

Yet the U.S. version of the meeting differed significantly from the Mexican. According to Reagan's national security adviser, Richard Allen, no specifics were addressed. Neither trade, nor immigration, nor energy, nor El Salvador nor the much-labeled North American Accord—issues on which the two nations' views are less than parallel—were mentioned. Mexican officials must have been attending a different meeting. Their report had López Portillo expressing optimism on a range of subjects. Reagan, they said, listened attentively, and observed that previous U.S. administrations had perhaps been in-

clined to talk more than they listened. Both sides, however, formed the pre-tinger's a positive message.

Future discussions will probably generate more tension. Although the Mexicans are delighted to be rid of Jimmy Carter, when they did not respond, they are uncertain about Ronald Reagan. On several fronts, Mexican policy conflicts directly with American. And, once, buoyed by its largely untapped oil and gas resources, Mexico is no longer willing to merely follow Washington's line. The bilateral issues are difficult but not insoluble. To reduce its dependence on OPEC, the U.S. would like to see the

Mexican host of exports beyond the current 30,000 barrels-per-day level; a swift doubling of subject cases, well within Mexico's capability, would suit American objectives nicely. It would not suit López Portillo, who has studied the better legacy left by the late shack of Iran. But Mexican revenues gain need to fuel inflation, widen the gap between rich and poor and breed instincts of revolution which may be impossible to quell. The Mexicans will be prepared to change their targeted levels only in return for substantial trade-offs.

Mexico initially needs to expand its industrial base, to do that it must lure new pools of venture capital and gain increased access to technology. New manufacturing facilities will generate new jobs and, not incidentally, help curb the estimated 300,000 illegal workers who annually cross the Rio Grande in search of labor. To fend its burgeoning millions, Mexico also needs food. Last year, the nation imported \$2 billion in food from the U.S. alone. When Reagan transacts official talk at a time of such a level of foreign policy, Mexicans become understandably alarmed.

To this glacially negotiable and leakable status must now be added one that characterizes Mexican officials: El Salvador. López Portillo has favored a strict, noninterventionist course, believing that reform in Central America is inevitable and must be permitted to determine its own direction. American

involvement, he feels, would contribute nothing to the quest for political stability. The Reagan view has not been clearly defeated, but few observers expect the incoming administration to tolerate a left-wing take-over. Reagan's goal will rest to Juanes managed, in the main, to square their account. It is likely to be different the next time.

—MICHAEL FORSTER

Zimbabwe

Bad news for the fourth estate

Since Marxist leader Robert Mugabe came to power in Zimbabwe last April, the few white-run newspapers there had enjoyed an increased freedom to criticize as well as praise the government. The wartime enemies of Prime Minister Ian Smith were gone. But last week all that changed when Information Minister Nathan Shamiso announced the government was buying controlling shares of Zimbabwe Newspapers, formerly the Rhodesian Herald group, for \$4.6 million just weeks after Mugabe had strenuously denied it would ever do so.

The subject of most concern was the government's decision to create a mass media trust whose members will be appointed by the state to run the papers. Many viewed the move as an ominous

sign that Mugabe's ruling Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) intends to stifle all opposition and create a one-party state. The bitterest comment came from the man with most to lose, Joshua Nkomo, home affairs minister and leader of the minority party in the ruling coalition, the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU). "This is probably my last free statement through our news media," said Nkomo. "This step is worse than what [Smith's] Rhodesian Front did in office." His sentiments were shared by most of Zimbabwe's press and by South Africa's *Truth Daily Mail*, usually sympathetic to Mugabe. "However he tried to justify the move," it editorialized, "the result would be censorship."

Shamiso attempted to downplay the take-over, arguing that the new trust would be "non-governmental and non-political-making." But his assurances were undercut by his announcement that the management of the papers, now all white, would be replaced by blacks, thus allowing the government "to reorient the thinking of our people." Nor was there any comfort in the example set by the government in returning the television and radio state monopolies. The propaganda has a strong, though occasionally ironic, following as an incentive to refer to their southern neighbor as "apartheid" South Africa, and television newsmen reported a "Cold Front coming in from racist South Africa."

At week's end each radical tendency were counterbalanced with the dropping by Mugabe of the extremist Judge Tsvangirai, recently acquitted of murder on a legal technicality, from the cabinet. But Nkomo also was demoted—and while Mugabe diplomatically offered to create an additional cabinet post for Nkomo's party, the realignment of a one-party state seemed increasingly clear.

—CAROL MURPHY

Heavy footsteps in an empty room

In the beginning there was Senator Charles Percy, pushing unambiguously all over the Kremlin. Then there was Reagan transition adviser Ray Rhine telling a press conference in Singapore that China was militarily on the brink to be a useful ally against the Soviet Union. Last week, as the president-elect was helping his 69 years with a light Soviet wind, the U.S. President José López Portillo, the diplomatic world was reverberating once again with the tread of a Reagan heavy.

On this occasion the ponderous feet belonged to former secretary of state Henry Kissinger. Shuttling through the Middle East as a master negotiator of his Nixon years, Kissinger was leaving his equanimity at every port of call. In Somalia he told President Siad Barre that the Reagan administration was going to take a strong interest in the Horn of Africa in general and in arming Somalia to meet the "threat" from Ethiopia in particular—something the Car-

ter administration had refrained from doing on the grounds that it would be a sure recipe for conflict in that strategic area. In Jerusalem, in a statement that must have been made to the beleaguered ears of Prime Minister Menachem Begin, he lashed out in all directions. The United States, he said, conveniently uncaring the oft-repeated misstatements of Saudi Arabia, must set up a viable military presence in the Middle East. The Camp David process, he added, brushing aside the oft-repeated reluctance of King Hussein, must continue with the participation of Jordan. Finally, for good measure, Kissinger lambasted the European Com-

munity's (OEC) attempt to get a Middle East peace process under way. It could not go on indefinitely, he added, as Western might improve an erring satellite, that Europe and the United States "insisted as a united defense and separate foreign policies." In Brussels, an ex-speakman was quick to dismiss the implied threat on "vintage Kissinger." The former secretary, he said, was "throwing his weight around in an empty room" since the European peace process was stalled anyway.

The question remained, however, was Kissinger representing himself as the housing administration's National security adviser-designate Richard Allen

Begin (left) and Kissinger confer: handing opinions at every port of call



delivered a firm put-down. He speaks only for himself," Kissinger might report to him or incoming secretary of state Alexander Haig, but he was not expected to meet Reagan. That, however, was emphatically not Kissinger's impression. He maintained firmly that he would be left all to Reagan directly, and Arab cave-dwellers were equally in no doubt about the "official official" nature of his trip.

However, diplomats in Beirut hoped that Kissinger would make at least two other points in Beirut which he seemed to have overlooked during his trip: the weakness of the Begin government and the dangers of ignoring the Palestine Liberation Organization and Arab countries that support it. "There will be no movement," Middle East peace talks until after the Israeli elections in November," said one diplomat. "If Kissinger persuades Reagan to leave the Middle East alone until then, he will have gained the new president a breathing space. Hopefully Reagan's people will use the time to do their homework."

David North, with Alex from William Louderer in Washington, Peter Lantz in Brussels and Jean Toulon in Geneva.



Mugabe (right) and Ian Smith (left), home of two purchased papers' cold front



Evasion as an art form

General Haig declines to indulge his inquisitors in the Senate



By Michael Posner

It was the even Washington had been waiting for—the appearance of the Corps' General Alexander Haig before the Senate foreign relations committee. Perhaps the most contentious of Ronald Reagan's cabinet appointments, Haig's nomination for Secretary of State had sent a shudder through the ranks of both conservative Republicans and liberal Democrats. The former feared Haig might become a goy for his one-time mentor, Henry Kissinger, when the right holds its something close to contempt. The latter were troubled by Haig's role in Watergate, the arrangement of Richard Nixon's pardon, and the December, 1972, bombing of North Vietnam. Sensing a rich opportunity to make some headlines, if not block his appointment, minority Democrats on the foreign relations committee were clamoring for "all documents, correspondence, cables, releases, memoranda, tape recordings, conversations and writings" from Haig's White House days.

But by week's end, after 11 hours of testimony, the effort to impede Haig's

Haig (left) with committee Chairman Charles Percy; not the right fence

confirmation seemed stalled. While the senators had agreed to make subpoenas for nearly 100 hours of tapes, Richard Nixon's lawyer had vowed litigation to block their release and Haig himself had already announced he'd refuse the summons to ensure his confirmation. In private meetings with minority Republicans he had insisted that he—and not Henry Kissinger—would be issuing orders at State. And he was reliance among the Democrats by kissing former Carter cabinet secretary Jeo Califano, a prominent Washington lawyer, at his coatline. In sum, by the time Haig sat down to deliver his 20-page opening statement, the shape of the hearings had become clear: The Democrats would try to force Haig to put himself on record on controversial issues, the Republicans would appear to work hard at conducting an inquiry as thorough as it was fair.

This sense of ritual theater was underscored by Haig's reading of his text. At times his voice seemed to drop into a stage whisper, as if he were shar-

ing an intimate secret with the nation. At others, pulsating speed and strength, he roared like a military commander issuing an order. Without saying so directly, Haig left little doubt that he thought American foreign policy under Jimmy Carter's stewardship had been disastrous. The U.S. needed to act more consistently and more reliably than previously. "Our adversaries cannot be expected to exercise prudence if they perceive our resolve to be hostage to the exigencies of the moment," Haig said. Under Reagan, the general suggested, the worthy goals of arms control and human rights would not be allowed to impair America's self-interest. "Because human liberties will not be imposed by enigmatic friendly governments which completely satisfy our standards of democracy with hostile ones which are even less benign."

Haig also received the right to declare war. Asked whether maintaining peace would form the cornerstone of his

foreign policy, he quoted American Revolutionary Patrick Henry's "liberty or death" device and added, "There are some things worth fighting for." But having defined his general principles, Haig declined to commit himself to points of view on specific questions. He evaded such several times, from "It would serve no useful purpose here" (meaning I know the answer, Senator, but I'm not going to tell you) to "That is a sensitive subject" (meaning couldn't we talk about this behind closed doors) to "That question deserves very careful consideration" (meaning I need more time to reach a position). On El Salvador, on the Panama Canal treaty, on the Camp David peace process, on military aid to the People's Republic of China, on renewed negotiations with the Soviet Union for strategic arms limitation—on these and a dozen other issues—Haig repeatedly and shrewdly managed to avoid declaring himself.

Did Haig think the U.S. should launch covert action to overthrow military regimes in Latin America? "This is not the proper forum for such a question." Should the U.S. seek strategic nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union? "There are no glib answers to that, Senator." For the most part, the committee let him off the hook. Another week of hearings loomed ahead, but Alexander Haig's confirmation did not seem to be in jeopardy. ☐

The crowning touch

Herbert Hoover's net \$396,000—not a great amount in 1929. Richard Nixon's 1969 extravaganzas—at \$67 million—was prodigal by comparison. When Ronald Reagan is sworn in next Tuesday as the 40th president, an \$8 million worth of hoopla, the world will watch the noisiest inauguration in U.S. history. "It will be messy, flashy, yet dignified," a spokesman for the Inauguration Committee explained, somewhat contradictorily. The flamboyance begins the night before at the inauguration gala, when once Johnny Carson will introduce personalities mixing from Jimmy Connors, a youthful 29, to the nation's only five-star general, 81-year-old Omar Bradley. The next day, at 11:30 a.m., Reagan will become the first president to take the oath of office on the west front steps of the Capitol building. For the cold outdoor ceremony, the Republicans will wear a custom-designed chestnut brown neck coat, her husband a morning coat, striped pants, white shirt and silver-gray tie—a far cry from outgoing President Jimmy Carter's 1977 look, at which banana suits were the order of the day. Con-



Inauguration site: "Flashy yet dignified"

gressmen, notified that formal attire will be required, were replaced. Democrat Morris Udall of Arizona, for one, had plans of his own. "I've got a plain blue serge suit with a little life left in it," he said.

After the ceremony Reagan will lunch with 60 congressional leaders, then dinner—net with an Carter old-down Pennsylvania Avenue is the White House, a grand palace in law. That night Ronald and Nancy will make the rounds of nine major balls in Wash-

Racism's new disciples

Martin Tarran wore the serrated lack of a mustache who had been presented with too many facts for which there were too few explanations. An chairman of a special task force formed by the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) of the B'nai B'rith, he met last week in New York with other social scientists, educators and law enforcement officials to come to grips with a recent perplexity: a dramatic rise in anti-Semitic behavior in the U.S. That disturbing reality had come to light the week before in the results of a survey released by the ADL showing the largest increase in anti-Semitic incidents in 20 years. It cited 373 cases of vandalism against Jewish property (including synagogues, Jewish cemeteries and Jewish homes) and 112 bodily assaults. And while these were bad as "hate incidents," said Tarran, "that anti-Semitism, dormant for a long time in this country, has been touched off by a



Degraded temple Tarnack, New Jersey: a tendency to blame Jews for oil prices

number of things occurring right now in society. There has, for example, been a tendency to scapegoat Jews for the increase in the price of oil." He noted that in stringent economic times the old stereotype of the rich Jew was a convenient one, given credence by the fact that 64 per cent of the incidents occurred in the five northeastern states, particularly New York, where Jews are densely populated and have a high economic profile.

Another troubling aspect of the survey was that of the mere 20 perpetrators of anti-Semitic acts apprehended, 14 were 17 years old or under. "I'm 17," volunteered says Nathan Perlmuter, ADL national director. "But I'd be wary of drawing too many conclusions as to relating anti-Semitic behavior in any way to the rise of pre-Christian groups or anything like that."

Also charging that the US had become "a speakeasy for anti-Semitism," the task force emerged from its two-day convention with about 75 recommendations, foremost among which was the need for better educational methods to transmit the history of discrimination against Jews. There was also a call for the national coalition of minority groups but, ironically, another issue raised was "the entanglement of blacks and Jews." Confused and anxious, Tarran summed up the recent fire-bombings and defacements of Jewish institutions and properties as "only the tip of the iceberg," a sleeping giant, ready to make another enormous appearance. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



Not to his surprise police followed up the complaint by raiding several city stores, including the grocery store Regatta operates with his brother, *father*, another copier of *Elle*, *Seaside*, *Shades*, *Star* and *Seasonal Women*. "These magazines are sold everywhere," says the confused mayor. "But I can't complain—as mayor, I'm on the police commission."

O Canada never looked in good to hockey fans who are now crying the occasional *Hockey Night in Canada* television from Edmonton's Northstar.



Oltres: a new voice at the Oltres

Began sex, celebrity and science

Johnny Carson His bold and disarmingly on-staff approach to science has since made him the darling of the lecture circuit, while ruffling a few feathers in the elitist scientific community with his characteristic cynicism, such as describing insects as "parasited living applied to nature." **Began**, 45, is now writing his first novel, but he will continue to be a most watchable man—his hit TV series *Comedy*, which goes into reruns this year, has already been seen by an estimated three per cent of the planet's population.

When newly elected Belleville, Ont., mayor **Gordon Zepos** was a sharply worded editorial reported in *The Times* of London. The message, about patriotism of the constitution, warned Tradesmen not to "ask for British help" in "obscuring the protection" of **Brian Goss**, executive vice-president of Tradesmen Newspapers Ltd. "They must have thought their message was quite

clear: to Who? Who as a business executive and member of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, among other things. Yet the reminder that has been all night may prove her social resume. **Melinda Campbell**, 31, the first woman elected to the board of the Toronto Dominion Bank, is believed to have introduced Strass and now appears to be disengaged by the pairing, since the wife is a quack. **Marion Miller Strass**, a close Campbell friend. While better "When she found out that the man had left his wife, she was outraged. She threatened as with social outcasts—All done will be closed to put—which is pretty funny when you consider how big Toronto is today." The lesson from the slamming doors will be hard-pressed to dent Strass, however. She plans to spend two weeks out of every month with her assistant in New York.

Too bad **Kenneth Thomson** couldn't pull a few strings for his editors at *The Globe and Mail* who recently paid \$10,000 to criticize **Plasma** tradesmen in a sharply worded editorial reported in *The Times* of London. The message, about patriotism of the constitution, warned Tradesmen not to "ask for British help" in "obscuring the protection" of **Brian Goss**, executive vice-president of Tradesmen Newspapers Ltd. "They must have thought their message was quite

important. Strass would have seen that the November editorial was displayed in Thomson's London paper. Said **Globe** publisher **A. Roy Macgregor**: "I doubt that it's going to be sufficient to fight the federal government's \$10-million advertising program."

After years of "love" and "love" that, **Toronto Star** columnist of gothic romance and author of *Loose* and *Others*, **One More With Love and *All Men Are Not Alike* **Jan Strass** has finally done it. "I have fallen in love with a married man, and until he gets his divorce I am living with him," announced Strass at year's end. The married man in question is New Yorker **Georg Strass**, the 66-year-old son of **Quincy** **Seppelstein**, who achieves some pres-**



Strass and Strass, behind closed doors

ence in *Who's Who* as a business executive and member of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, among other things. Yet the reminder that has been all night may prove her social resume.

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I've been trying so long that my body feels like it's falling apart," explained premier **Canadian** **John Duggan** last week at a news conference in which she announced a



Brigitte, who has lived with musician-composer **Greg Ray** for eight years. "I believe a relationship is much, much more than a piece of paper."

"I's a lot of fun—in one episode I've married and got to splash around in the ocean," says Montreal dancer **Margie Gills** of her role in the new children's TV series *Je Sais! Je Sais!*. The French-language show is the brainchild of Radio Canada producer **Guy Camus**, who borrowed a bit of theory from pop-psychologist **Carl Jung** in creating a series about children and symbols. However, Gills, 27, keeps her splashings strictly to dry ground, giving a one-minute dance interlude in each of the 15-minute episodes. "The splashers are very basic—the kind found in folk art," says Gills. Recalling the 1945 movie *Anchors Aweigh, she added, "But this is a long way from **Gene Kelly** dancing with **Jerry the mouse**."*

"I wish you would go away," **Elizabeth** is quoted as photographer standing outside the gates of her country estate at Sandringham. The British press, hoping for a wedding announcement between Prince Charles and any eligible from **Lady Diana Spencer** to his cousin **Baroness Alexandra Maria von Hohenhausen**, scoured Sandringham during the Royal vacation searching for a squint of Fleet Street. "I particularly noted," **New Year**. But this was topped by the peering prying of the man of reporter **Shanley Maclean**, who was warned away from a Royal shooting party by **Prince Philip** moments before the shot, which landed a pheasant nearby. The Spectator's war **Andrew March** captured the public's sympathetic mood. This royal perspective of shooting the press may turn out to be the most popular thing any member of the Royal Family has done since the **Rosenbergs**.



Gills (top) and Ray (bottom). They don't plan to ever get married.

temporary lowering of her height due to pregnancy. **Reilly**, 30, is currently the third highest female leaper in the world, having eased her way over 1.97 metres last July. This July, however, she plans to have her baby, and hopes to be back in competition at indoor games early in 1982. "It's not unusual in this sport for people to take time out for a baby," said Reilly, who also feels the rest will be good for her troubled knees. Though the announcement was made to assure the public that she would not be ground-bound forever, Reilly also ended up making a personal statement about her attitude toward matrimony. "I don't plan to ever get married," said

Though **Pope John Paul II's** worldwide jaunts have earned him the moniker "the jet-set Pope," he paused last week to praise something more earthbound—the automobile. "A car, to work well, should be looked after with constant and loving care just like our soul, immortal and redeemed by Christ along the road to salvation," said the Pope to the 40 drivers employed at the Holy See Spinning in the Vatican garage. The Pope told the assembly, "Your profession as chauffeurs should remind you constantly that we are all on the road, heading at high speed toward eternity."

—EDITED BY MARGARET BRIDGTON

THE NHL COMES OF AGE

By Hal Quinn

"Really, I wish I'd played all my life in a Canadian city. It makes you feel something about the game all the time."

—Ivan Boldirev, Vancouver Canucks

I had been obsessed to those who really cared in the 1970s, the kids chasing threehundred-thousand balls between parked cars or firing chopped pieces around the woods, skirting the snowbanks, the grandmothers enjoying their weekly lot in the arenas played on Saturday night; the regulars in the beer halls sporting their own scars from the game, wearing jackets with crossed sticks on the shoulder and had "a little money riding on the Maple Leafs." The game of hockey, the enigmatic Canadian reflection of life in a vast and, for a good part of the year, inhospitable country, had been diffused beyond recognition and in the Canadian tradition, taken over by well-heeled cousins to the south, with barely a whisper from one to the other.

For 50 years, the National Hockey League (NHL) had been the most explicit expression of the game of hockey. These teams clustered around the Great Lakes, two in the northeast U.S. and one sparkling in an island in St. Louis. The league, however, were at the pinnacle of the fastest game on earth. Their 120 players were mythic, indefatigable sires in Europe, known to the young who scrambled in rain-soaked streets on the West Coast, created ones from the ashes of the Prussians, longed over snow-ringed ponds in the East and the Maritimes. Few childhood Christmases were complete without a Maple Leafs or Canadiens sweater. In the U.S., beyond the few American NHL cities, the fans were at best, mild connoisseurs.

It was in small, remote, self-contained communities, where the game was seemingly content to be devoured, eager to sell off its lifeblood and very cool, that



at its own game, its native soil were the best in the world, so good that those not worthy could half-muse through Europe and win global championships at their leisure. But in the 1960s, the Europeans, and more specifically the Soviets, studied the game, mastered it, and, most disturbingly, refined and improved it. Canadians were no longer the best, even more explicit celebrations. What remained would soon be sold down the river.

In the U.S., professional sport went wild in the giddy euphoria of the 1960s. Through television, football became the sport of the future as the major networks stumbled over each other, appling millions of dollars in their rush. The NHL watched and waited. Looking back, now-league President John Ziegler says, "The philosophy in the league by 1966-67 was to expand with the idea of becoming the next National Football League, penetrate the U.S. market to get a share of the TV megabucks." To that singular goal, turning its back on its roots and heritage, the league doubled, forcing itself upon a nervous and uninterested public in six

American cities—Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Minnesota, St. Louis and Oakland. The networks offered only seven-bids and briefly stung games to see how to entice basketball. And 12 years later, Los Angeles season ticket holder Gord Franks can say, "If you want to talk hockey here, you'd better be prepared to call long distance." And looking back on his days with the now-defunct Oakland Seals, Ivan Boldirev says, "I could have walked into a coffee shop there in my full uniform and no-one would have given a damn."

Just as the NHL appeared a rival in pursuit of megabucks (the American Football League, the NFL, got one to the World Hockey Association (WHA), which expanded itself in such hockey hotbeds as San Diego, Calif., Birmingham, Ala., and Cincinnati, Ohio, inflating salaries for the untamed and tired, diluting and lowering the quality as it went. But as momentum and reality seized and the NHL and WHA merged in 11 years, so the WHA was absorbed in 1979 and despite still, the NHL, reluctantly came back, in part, to Canada. Former WHA franchise became NHL



crushed, and the troublesome WHA disbanded, the NHL had endured and took the first faltering steps toward evening of age.

"For the last three to five years we've been fighting for our life," says NHL President John Ziegler. "We couldn't drop up schedules, we didn't even know if more teams could finish the season. Now, instead of fighting fires, we can put our energy into planning." The first step was to resist, however belatedly, the cries of outraged fans, legislators, and attorney-general over the increase in violence. "The feelings of the general public have switched away from violent sports in the last five years," says Alan Eagleson, lawyer, agent and president of the NHL Players' Association. "Fans now want players who can fight, but also skate, score and play defense." Accordingly, this season the NHL introduced new rules governing

Wayne Gretzky in 1981, and Jack to right nows after the last George Armstrong, Gordie Howe, Maurice Richard

ties. Eastern general manager Harry Sinden and acting coach Gary Dineen were ejected and the Bruins finished the game with four players on the ice, two on the bench and no coach. It was the first all-out brawl of the season.

The second step into the '80s was actually a realignment, grouping the 21 teams more or less geographically, as agreed upon by the league governors last December. It has been heralded by its authors as a great leap forward. By abandoning the present "hockey schedule," wherein teams play each other an equal number of times, and switching next season to an "unbalanced" schedule, wherein teams play those within their division more frequently, the governors hope to foster regional rivalries and fan identification of opposing teams and players. More to the point, the change will not only save but make money for the league.

It is a decision, more than any other, that reflects the NHL's new maturity. The league has finally realized, and admitted, that the U.S. interest in hockey is not new and never was forthcoming. "We've given up on the network contract," says Ziegler. "We've learned that we're not going to have kids playing hockey all over the U.S. It is the foreseeable future." But kids still do in Canada and with the transfer of the Atlanta Flames franchise to Calgary this season, there are now seven of 21 NHL teams in the game's birthplace. "The attendance figures in Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Quebec City prove that you can always count on the Canadian hockey fans to support hockey," says Ziegler. The kid with the stick could have told them that long ago.

One of the major reasons for the realignment was to preserve the league's ability to take advantage of developments in what Ziegler terms "secondary"—cable and pay-TV. Three divisions of five teams are now grouped in the same time zone, and each team gets cable back to the visiting team's city. As Joel Nisam, the NHL's director of communications, explains, "In the past, in order to have a sensible TV schedule, games in Vancouver or Los Angeles might have to start at four o'clock in the afternoon to have the best viewing time for all concerned." As a host of such importance, Nisam adds, "For pure [cable] time slots, forgetting all the hardware involved, it costs around \$50,000 to get from Vancouver to New York, where it might cost around \$500 to go from New York to Philadelphia." The NHL's Entertainment Services, Programming Network (ESPN), an all-sports network, carries games of 17 NHL teams and the

teams in Edmonton, Winnipeg and Quebec City, joining Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, which was added in 1970. The game, at the NHL level, was by the mid-1970s, unrecognizable, more suited to the barroom than its former fans, unidentifiable to the few grandmothers still watching, broken down into a hodge-podge of meaningless derivatives (Gretzky, Patrick, Norris, Adams). It had become plagued by outrageous budgets, a questionable desire for youngsters chasing hockey stars at bedtime, a myth thoroughly exploded by the Soviets in 1977. Yet as the new decade dawned, with more and more boys and girls skating on roller skis, the hope of becoming "the next National Football League" long

USA Network broadcasts a Monday night game of the week. "Next to baseball, hockey is the most televised sport in North America," Ziegler claims. "In New York, you can watch hockey as often as five nights a week. In Detroit, three. We have realized that we can't force people to take our product, so we are concentrating on giving it to those who want it."

Another prize motivation for re-signment was the dramatic increase in travel costs. "Up to now," says Eusebio Frances, president and general manager of the St. Louis Blues, "we were working \$100,000 a year." "Blueses or St. Louis Blues (Hines) Williams says, "We're away from home so much, I have to take a portion of my kids each time we leave so that I'll remember what they look like." And, too, the government says it will recoup national revenues, such as a vital part of the pro-expansionist era. "The way it is now, you'll play against a guy in October and you won't see him again until March," says Toronto's Don Maloney. "The [management] got to be better for the fans." "I'm going to the 4-4-4 division, Quebec Nordiques. President Marcel Aubert couldn't be happier. "With just 10,000 seats, we have averaged over 10,000 fans per game. That on Jan. 21, the expansion of the Coliseum will be complete and we will have 15,000 seats. And when Montreal comes to town, I could sell 50,000 tickets."

The future, though rearranged, is not



Bossy running at an all-time high

Red lights flashing

Marvian (the Rocket) Richard set the standard in 1944-45 by scoring 56 goals in 56 games. It wasn't until the 1960-61 season that Bernie (Bease) Gosselin scored 50, but it took 64 games. Then came the Golden Jet "Bobby Hull" with 50 in 79 games the following year. But prior to expansion, a 50-goal season was still the measure of the NHL's elite. Even in the most target period of the post-expansion days, Phil Kessel, who retired last week as the league's second highest scorer behind Gordie Howe, scored 78 goals in 78 games.

This season, both Richard's and Kessel's records are being assailed by several first-year players who look to be the game's history. Mike Bossy, 33, of

retired players soon faded and the coach played. By 1979, the team couldn't afford new sticks.

The league meeting was July 25 in Chicago. I went to bed early knowing I'd be the first to be called on the carpet. Colorado, Atlanta, Pittsburgh and Washington all owed the league, but by then we owed \$500,000. We were negotiating with about 20 different potential buyers, but my ace was a contribution man in St. Louis, Fred Kummer. I got a call at midnight. It's Kummer. Says he wanted me to be the first to know that he's called a press conference in the morning. I figure my prayers are answered. There he says he's no longer interested."

First on the carpet, "the Cat" unthinkingly told the board of governors that he had "no prospect" but was "not at liberty" to tell them who it was. A security guard approached and said there was a phone call. "I excused myself," says Frances, warning to the tele. "It was Bob Wolfson. He owed 50 per cent. Told me to get on the first flight back to St. Louis. 'Cat' tell you where we're going, but I'll pick you up at the airport." I said that if I leave Chicago, the team will be folded by the time I get back. He said come. I got the flight."

They rendezvoused and drove to the headquarters of the Boston Bruins. Co and met the chairman of the board, Ed Dean. "He asked me to outline the whole operation—players, bonus system, playoff, money, everything. They had 12 accountants in by the end of July. He said the company would take over on one condition—that I stay on as president and general manager. I was back to Chicago."



Shot slicked by Joe Michelletti had prospect

universally to bright. As of last week, all but one of the original six teams were named in mediocrity with few prospects of change. The Chicago Black Hawks and Boston Bruins have been reduced to remaining fans' banners commenting on their teams' management and play. The Detroit Red Wings and New York Rangers rival each other in front office turmoil and game-inducing ineptitude on the ice, and the weak cast and script of the Toronto Maple Leafs soap opera gets lower ratings each

the New York Islanders set a rookie record in 1977-78 by scoring 53 times adding 69 as a sophomore and 51 last year in 80-game schedules. This season Bossy has 48 goals in 43 games. And Charlie Suter, 26, of the Los Angeles Kings scored 56 times last season and after 41 games had scored 39 times in the current go-round.

As the halfway mark in the season approached, nine players had already scored more than 30 goals, three more than 30. And though penalty minutes have been inflated because of rule changes governing fighting, goals per game are rising at an all-time high of 7.6 and power plays too are flanking more red lights than ever before—at a 20-per-cent success rate. Says Alan Eagleson, "It's like owners and coaches are going to the blue water, going to the red with defense."

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The rest, as they say, is history. Long played by a management that traded away the future for has-beens, "the Cat" told Dean and associates that it would take three or four years to turn the Blues around.

"The deal closed Sept. 30 and they bought the building three months later. We were five minutes from the ash can and now we're got nine first-round draft choices on the team. We got Lou [who led the league in wins last year and is considered by many the NHL's best goaltender] back when Cusumano of the west folded. Four years ago we had 54 players under contract. We now have 50 and only three are from the previous organization. We got 35 from the draft and 15 through trades. We suffered far a while, but now it looks pretty good."

The St. Louis Blues are second in the league. No one need wonder why they call him "the Cat."



Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.

Only the legendary Montreal Canadiens, after surviving a series of expenses, are playing as if they remember that there was ever a game at all.

But growing heart and substance to optimism is the decade in the resurgence of the St. Louis franchise (see box, page 36), occasional sell-out crowds in Washington thanks to goalie Mike Palmater and the Capitals' precocious 27-year-old coach Gary Green, the new-found legitimacy of the Vancouver Canucks (see box, below), the well-desired strength of the Flyers and defending champion New York Islanders, the heartfili-



Patsies no more

Since their birth in 1970, the Vancouver Canucks have been the green and blue patsies of the NHL. With the exception of a brief flare of competence in 1974-75, their play and luck was as bland as sherbet. They represented the dowdy West Coast coast of the high-wilting Leafs and Canadiens, making the playoffs only four times, clinched each year in the first round. That was then. Now is another story. In the strange chemistry of pro sport, they have emerged in the past two seasons as a contender. The sobering contrast from color barriers such as Wayne Gretzky, to the jockey in the barn on Vancouver's Drake Street has been, "The Canucks are for real."

Despite a holiday season slump, the Canucks (since 1978, derided as) in black, yellow and orange uniforms faded, shambled, the ugliest in professional sport) were riding 18 wins, 12 losses and 33 ties into last weekend and demonstrating they can beat any team in the NHL on a given night. The turnaround appears to be the result of a combination of factors which include third-year coach Harry Neale and his two assistant coaches, Dave Dunn and Tom Watt, the use of charter aircraft on long road trips and a painless transformation of older character players, young studs, grinders and style. Sweden. It's a no-name crew, with no stars.

Although still capable of flailing sticks and bunched play, like Tylenol on Saturday morning, at their best they can demonstrate a swift, confident team play, like hockey on the power. "We all give 100 per cent," says youthful first-year team captain Kevin McCarthy. "If we don't, we're in trouble. We don't have a Guy Lafleur to fall back on."

Another reason cited for the Canucks turnaround is the aggressive last year from Toronto of Dave (Ziggy) Williams—speaking plaid, lighter, rattie photographer and surprisingly a cool voter,



Canucks' 'Tiger' pining Slobodan Pivovarov

with 33, although he says candidly "I was asked to come here to help give this club some heat. Scoring goals was just a bonus." Through TV commercials, a strategically placed outrageous quest and stunts such as the recent post-goal cowboy pantomime during which he rode his stick down the length Maple Leaf Gardens, Williams has helped jolt the club into Vancouver sports' first line of vision, attracting an extra \$6000 fans over last year from the early-winter Seattle course and to the Pacific Coliseum.

Canucks players and fans, however, still secretly worry they will wake up in the NHL cellar. A New Year's slump last year, that berided on a scene, settled on an equally strong first-half start. Jake Milford, Canuck vice-president and general manager, whose large white back of a face has seen a lot of world-be dynamics, is not sending out for champagne. "I'll be happy with a six-point improvement this year," he asserts between periods at a recent home game. "We're not the Montreal Canadiens yet."

—THOMAS HORN



NHL, Sogomonian restraining Leaf Rocky Sogomonian in a scene from last season

come of the Flames to Calgary, even at \$85 for the top seats, the box office magnet Wayne Gretzky in Edmonton; the letter of intent to purchase the team in Denver posted by Peter Gilbert, owner of the fifth largest cable TV network in the U.S.; and the flamboyant Dr. Jerry Ross promising trips to Hawaii and other perks to keep his Kings thinking hockey and the pains and snags of Los Angeles.

Clashing the dawn, however, is the need for a new collective bargaining agreement with the players' association. The vital clause concerns compensation (the 1981 rule "equalization") to teams whose players become free agents. Team owners and league government pray for compromise, dreading demands for baseball-like free-agency and its ruthless no-limits dollar-for-dollar contracts. "If we achieve a new agreement (at the all-star break Feb. 9-10), the most important piece of a foundation for the next five years would be in place," says Zigler. "Our prospects for success as a business and an entertainment have never been better. A new agreement would give us the best opportunity for growth of any major sport."

And then there's Alvin Bergman, joined for another transatlantic flight later this month to get the finishing touches on a pact to reassert the Canada Cup international tournament. "It should be all set to go," he says, "unless something happens in Poland." The steps taken and the Canada Cup may not be enough to jell the beer hall, or get the grassroots back watching, but they may start kids dreaming again.

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The long and winding road

North American automakers still face hard times



By Jane O'Hara

When James R. Hirschart walked into his first Toronto press conference as the newly appointed president of General Motors of Canada last week, it was as though GM had placed another cool corporate hand on the fevered head of the North American auto industry. Last year was a bad one for Detroit—in worst since 1961, with foreign imports capturing more than a quarter of an already depressed American market. And although the Canadian auto industry had weathered the slump somewhat better, most automotive industry analysts were keeping a tight rein on even surface optimism when it came to predictions for 1981.

Such was not the case with Hirschart, a 50-year-old alumnus of Yale and the Harvard business school, who managed to convey the benign affability of a Walter Matthau. "It isn't really a wheels war," while warning pessimists who look as if they could draw blood. "Few never been more optimistic about the future of the auto industry, both here in Canada and all around the world," he said. Hirschart's enthusiasm may arise

from his own company's fortunes rather than from the larger industry-wide picture. Although GM Canada's sales were down last year, it was still the second best year in company history with 200,040 units sold, and, of the Big Four domestic automakers, GM, with the new line of small, fuel-efficient cars, seems best able to withstand the onslaught of foreign imports.

Just days in the job and more hours in Canada, the executive said he wouldn't have been able to find his way from the airport without the help of his GM lieutenant. Hirschart was reluctant to comment on the state of the Canadian auto industry in general. But separate events last week at Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd. and Chrysler Corp. in the U.S. prompted James Dwyer, general manager of the Canadian Motor Vehicles Manufacturers' Association to say, "The most important single thing affecting Canada is the return to stability of the American market. Right now the current rates are killing us, but I think the picture is there."

As for Canada's No. 2 automaker, the health of Ford's Oshawa, Ont., plant was given a shot in the arm last week

when it was announced that 1,200 laid-off workers would be recalled by June as part of a plan to convert the plant's entire production to the full-sized Lincoln. The deal, struck between federal industry, union and Commerce Minister Herb Gray and Ford (and which meant revising the hitherto rigid requirements in the Canada-U.S. auto pact) was a trade-off. On the one hand it will re-employ 1,200 of Canada's 12,000 laid-off auto workers, and on the other, it will allow Ford to continue selling light trucks and vans in Canada even though they will no longer be produced at the Oshawa plant. And although it is questionable whether Canada should be happy about having to produce a potentially unaccountable gas-guzzler such as



Japan an export to auto dealers in Vancouver, Fraser (left), Hirschart, industry president.

the LTD, Ford has promised a second conversion of the Oshawa plant in 1982 to produce a new line of compact cars.

Meanwhile, in the Mallory of the automotive industry, Chrysler Corp. continues to spin its wheels in the deep of bankruptcy. Last week, Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca pressed his case for an additional \$400 million in federal loan guarantees in order to keep the company solvent for 1981. The company has already drawn \$800 million of the \$1.5 billion in loan guarantees authorized by U.S. Congress last year. Iacocca unveiled a last-ditch plan to trim the company's operating expenses by \$1 billion and to defer investments of \$500 million. The news sparked fears of cutbacks in Canada, but a Chrysler spokesman last week reaffirmed an earlier commitment to spend \$1 billion in Canada by 1983.

Douglas Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers union, predicted that Chrysler would go bankrupt unless the economy improves and interest rates decline. Rumors of impending collapse were dutifully squashed by the company. Said a Chrysler Canada spokesman: "The United Auto Workers

union is still discussing the company's wage offer. It's doubtful that any wage decision will be made until the Chrysler administration talks with us. In any case, if things happen, though, we'll still very much here." But, as Fraser pointed out, survival depends on more than Iacocca's rescue mission. The entire industry is suffering from the recession, high interest rates and the influx of foreign competition. "One of the major threats for us will be to restore imports to their former, and smaller, share of the market," said Hirschart. For a man who seemed to be perpetually surfing throughout his introductory one-hour press conference, Hirschart was likely pleased not so much with the state of the North American auto industry as he was happy not to be Lee Iacocca at the eleventh hour. □

A sprouting of for sale signs

There were fewer than 200 openings for the 1981 real estate

school, yet more than 600 hopefuls shuffled through the Vancouver dawn one morning last week, some sleeping overnight on the pavement, in line up for courses. Tax assessments delivered over the Christmas holidays showed many BC Lower Mainland family homes doubling in value in a year and suddenly everyone, it seemed, wanted to sell real estate to cash in on the boom. It's not just the housing market that's causing irrational behavior in BC either. On the floor of the super-heated Vancouver Stock Exchange (VSE), brights break out when traders struggle to handle the flood of orders, with the VSE last year passing the Montreal Stock Exchange as Canada's second busiest. In almost every area,



Vancouverites queue for courses, red hot

the Vancouver investment atmosphere is red hot. The average house sells for \$111,620 (up 40 per cent over last year), 1980 share value soared to \$4.42 billion, up more than threefold from \$1.36 billion the year before.

Some think they have found the can-oil: foreign investment invading BC, and the provincial New Democratic Party has called for a foreign ownership study especially in land. The BC Institute of Agriculture has warned that farmland in the Fraser River district of northeastern BC is being bought up by European interests at an alarming rate.

The critics' warnings are muted, however, because hard evidence tends to be anecdotal rather than generalized. More disturbing, many detect anomalies in the waking. Says Victoria real estate agent Alan MacGillivray: "Every time prices go up, it creates a feeling that outside people shouldn't be allowed to buy land." And Vancouver city planner Ann McNeil specializes foreign invest-

ment, may be more effect than cause. She says there are a variety of factors contributing to the BC's apparent price and that foreign investors are mostly untie enough to join in the boom. She cites BC's relatively buoyant economy (1980 real growth of three per cent), immigration to over 50,000 this year, a critical shortage of developable land in the Lower Mainland, and a near zero vacancy rate on rental accommodation which forces people into the overheated housing market.

The presence of new European and Hong Kong money is changing the BC stock market, Canadian Investment Corp. head Peter Brown says his firm, which underwrites power mining and oil drilling stocks, saw investment from Europe go from nothing two years ago to "several hundred million" today. Says Canadian: "You have to remember that most of these guys are a tank of gas away from the Kamilar border." Not that the VSE is the only destination for offshore money in Canadian markets. Up to 85 per cent of volume on the Vancouver Stock Exchange is now believed to come from off-shore investors.

While some observers do not quarrel with the value of the increased active foreign participation that is similar to other foreign investment throughout Canada over the years, it is now "land" or safe money in BC, not outside that seems to be causing the problem. Stories abound of foreigners nationally owning 20 to 30 houses in posh West Vancouver, where ownership is flipped over regularly, adding to the price each time. As much as 35 per cent of the new owner's house sales are made to speculating investors who never intend to live in them. In suburban Delta, according to Art Horke, chairman of the land use committee of the BC Institute of Agriculture, farmland is also being bought for speculation. "Building development, land goes downhill and it damages the morale of the other farmers in the area." By contrast, Alberta and Saskatchewan have enacted strict limitations on land purchases by non-Canadians, and Prince Edward Island has banned nonresident land purchases altogether. MLA Karen Sanford and her six-man colleagues want to ban all real estate sales to foreigners. And the Social Credit government, says it is looking at the purchase of the privately farmland by foreigners, but does not want to set a precedent that could be used against British Columbian investing in other countries. As long as BC grows outpacing to rise, the interest in land will remain—but in the hands of residents and in the hands of foreigners. —THOMAS HOPKINS

WHA photo from Bob Scott



The dream dies

Canada's fledgling high-tech industry, even as small departments constitute a significant loss. Two much of Canada's industrial future depends on too few high-tech companies for the failure of any of them to be a disaster. In the first half of 1989, for example, 36-year-old Intel Electronics Inc., one of Winnipeg's best-known high-technology firms, had an impact disproportionate to its size of only 38 employees. It was a personal friend of mine who was the president of the company, and he told me the tiny company turned a major expense. It was a setback for the Manitoba government, which poured \$18,000 into the latest Intel project as part of its plan to strengthen the province's high-tech industry. Intel was pioneering high technology, and for the estimated 1,000 similar companies across Canada, most of them struggling with problems of fierce competition and a perpetual shortage of funds, it was a setback that could have been a disaster. It was the golden path.

The Indian failure was a classic example of entrepreneurial ambition vaulting too far ahead of the practical. Johnson, an enthusiastic and articulate booster of high technology, decided four years ago to alter the direction of his family firm radically. From a manufacturer and developer of electronic manufacturing systems, he sought to lead India



Abstract: *Artemisia tridentata* (Sagebrush) is a high value

into the large and potentially lucrative field of medical electronics. As recently as October, Johnson was predicting that employment would grow to between 200 and 300 people by 1984. Hopes centred on a computerized x-ray calibration monitor that measures emissions from x-ray machines and can alert technicians to any excesses. According to

Johnson, the technology was two years ahead of the competition, and the \$3,000 device could be sold for use in 200,000 diagnostic x-ray machines around the world.

The venture had a good chance of succeeding, particularly given the commitment by all provinces last year to purchase extra health care equipment and

supplies in Canada (70 per cent of the \$1.2 billion annual market is supplied by imports). But unfortunately India made a rash commitment a year ago to develop an energy-saving micro-computer as well. The two projects drained funds to the point where India became insolvent in December, though not technically in receivership. Says Johnson "Our resources were simply overextended. The energy microcomputer should have waited, but at the time it looked attractive. We put over \$800,000 into these two products, but didn't have the cash coming in from sales."

Johnson is still hopeful that the company can be revived with a cash injection of about \$100,000, plus government support guarantees. Like many high-tech entrepreneurs, Johnson believes in increased government support. "Governments could really help the cash flow of small firms like Indus if they did it," he says. "This sort of support would be a lot more effective than the kind of tax breaks that have been given. Tax breaks have resulted in enormous assistance to product development from scientists affiliated with the University of Manitoba and \$258,000 in government funding (the Federal Business Development Bank was 50 per cent of the equity in the amount of \$50,000). In light of strict federal intentions to encourage high technology in Canada, a lesson to be drawn from the Indus misadventure could be that no amount of government support is better than a business that is profitable."

—PETER CARLYLE-GORDON

Yes, sir
anything you say

There were none of the customary international events to trigger it off—a military invasion, no oil embargo, no political scandal, scarcely even a tremor in the interest rates. Yet this first full week of stock market trading in 1981 was marked by one of the most bizarre swings ever experienced on the New York Stock Exchange, as both the New York and Toronto markets nudged upward to reach green-eyed highs on Monday and Tuesday—the Dow Jones index breaking the magical 1,000—only to plummet downward the next day in a sudden reversal that sent investors scrambling to unload stock in record volume. What made the spectacle all the more astonishing was the key role played in this collapse by one man.

Last Tuesday, Joseph Granville, a 35-year-old analyst based in Holly Hill, Fla., who is reputed to earn well over \$1 million annually by providing investment advice to about 11,000 clients in a regular newsletter, sent an emergency



message to his investor clients on Tuesday night to "sell everything." Not everybody immediately heeded his advice. Fund broker John Finkeley of Toronto's McLeod, Young, Weir & Tarretto "Only four or five salesmen out of more than 40 in our office paid any attention to Genovese." But across North America enough did to cause a 36-point drop in the Dow and a 58-point fall in the TSX.

000 tons during the next three days. The reason for Gravnell's unusual inference arises largely from his uneasy previous record in picking—or choosing—market trends. Last April, *Forbes*'s advice sent the Dow up 30 points.

He has also developed an approach called "balance of power" in which he predicts a market's future on the basis of details of Gravnell's call as follow on their own. Using Gravnell's technical methods—which allowed him volume data to justify the high price levels, Peleley, for example, says he was always starting to sell stock before word came through from the master. Other bankers, on the other hand, find Gravnell's approach inconsistent. Says trader Peter Parridge, of A.E. Ames & Co. Inc., 200 N. Dearborn St., "What he inferred Gravnell did, was to follow the crowd against the stream, not the other way around that flow with it."

What the Grassville fractio pinpointed last week, if nothing else, is the profoundly skittish nature of the general economy, and with it, the stock market. No one, from investors and economists to crystal ball gazers, seems to know where the economy is headed. If a Grassville is held enough to fill the void, perhaps the sheep can safely graze.

— ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM

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THE MAGIC BOX: THE ECCENTRIC GENIUS OF HANNAH MAYNARD
by Claire Wrenn and Wally
(Kato Editions, \$24.95)

A WOMAN WITH A PURPOSE: THE DIARIES OF ELIZABETH SMITH, 1829-1884
Edited by Veronica Strong-Boag
(University of Toronto Press, hard-cover \$25, soft-cover \$30)

YOUNG women pursuing professional careers through the jungle of late Victorian morality often encountered insurmountable obstacles. One Canadian who did succeed, only to be consigned to oblivion, was the talented photographer Hannah Maynard, whose work is included in *The Magic Box*, another was Elizabeth Smith, one of Canada's first women doctors, who later became a leading feminist and social reformer.



A Woman With a Purpose captures Smith's diaries from 1822 to 1884, tracing her aspirations through her virginal years until she graduated from Queen's medical school in 1854. Determined from an early age to be a doctor, she supported herself by teaching, a poorly paid job and consequently one of the few professions open to women. After Smith and three other women were accepted into medical school, they had to endure years of opposition from faculty and hostility by their male classmates. Toward the end of their training, one lecturer in particular would joke crudely about anatomy in ways that no decent woman of the time could accept—to remain would have

Maynard's portrait, artsworld.com/works

been demeaning, a postman's act—as accompanied by jeers and guffaws, the women would exit and listen to the remainder of the lecture from the waiting room.

Smith's reinvention of the mystiques she suffered did not erupt into rebellion against her society. Having beaten men at their own game she went on to serve and fight for the underprivileged, but always in the name of middle-class Christian morality—rebellion was no option for her. Her no suppression. Throughout a long, productive life, she revealed an ambitious pride and high-mindedness which not only sustained

her in these struggles but also dominated her personal relationships. An obstinate Anglican, she rebuffed her first beau because he was Roman Catholic. "There is something so entirely repelling in it that I cannot abide it," she wrote. A later suitor (she had many) fell from grace after taking up smoking, a vice considered not so much hazardous to health as to moral fibre. The final enemy remained the duty and soberly medicine upon the hopelessness of losing an ideal, then repose in a love that blossoms unexpectedly. "Life is more & more—in fatter, wider—deeper, thoughts & deeds are more so much more."

Few critics are so emotionally wrought, but Smith's daily rundown of small-town Ontario life is always engrossing.

Meanwhile, across the continent, Hannah Maynard was composing her *Genie of British Columbia*, photomontage incorporating up to 22,000 children's faces and sent out as New Year's greeting cards. Maynard kept diaries too, models of sanguinity unaffected by erosion, on a wilderness jaunt with her husband she notes, "three Indians came up with nothing on but a piece of old blanket, however, they did not kill me." Her chosen medium of expression was the photograph—not just her exquisitely natural studio shots of mothers

and daughters but also surreal collages in which she aired her private obsessions with mummies, mourning and fertility. Her favorite techniques included reproducing her own image several times (unusually with facial wrinkles airbrushed away), "photocollaging" her children (mounting their faces on statuary, then unmasking the torsos) and parodying Victorian social life—in one classic collage she pours tea over her own head.

Unique in its time, Maynard's artistic audacity was matched only by the immense technical knowledge she acquired in order to produce these extraordinary visions. A startling contrast to her work is provided in *The Magic Box* with the inclusion of shots by her husband, Richard, a landscape photographer who seems to have gone out of his way not to include people in his stills. Maynard's career seems to have progressed smoothly, perhaps it was the loving effort of B.C. frontier life or the challenge of a new technology which men themselves had not yet mastered, but she did not experience the social antagonism that almost defeated Elizabeth Smith. It is telling, however, that such a talent should only now be uncovered, this handsome edition will partially atone for past neglect. As for Elizabeth Smith's place in history, the

constrained outcasts of powerful enthusiasm in her diaries will considerably lighten the grim reputation she acquired in her earlier, later years.

—MARK CHARTERIS

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- 5 *Voices in Time, MacLennan* (7)
- 6 *House of Angels, Sheldon* (3)
- 7 *Joshua Tree and Now, Kinsley* (6)
- 8 *Adrian, MacLennan* (5)
- 9 *The Third Temptation, Tremblay* (3)
- 10 *Fanny, Jans* (2)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Northern Magna, Gwyn* (2)
- 2 *Canoe, Gwyn* (2)
- 3 *The Chinese, Fraser* (2)
- 4 *The Eviction of Canada, 1812-1813, Davies* (2)
- 5 *The Little Innkeepers, Duguid* (2)
- 6 *Cross the River, Carty* (2)
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IMMIGRATION

Breaking away to the Old World

As opportunities crumble in Canada, Italians are returning to their homeland

By Lin Guelston

The small family waiting in the consul's office would have been immediately identifiable anywhere in Canada—immigrants from southern Europe. The mother's black dress and stockings give the general location, and the father's close-fitting cap, the flat cap worn by men throughout Southern Italy, made the location precise. But it was their teen-age son, a head taller than his parents, who filled in the picture, telling how long the family had been in Canada and revealing, at the same time, the paradox of post-war immigration. In his electric-blue leather jacket, faded Levi's and Adidas shoes, he was unmistakably Canadian. Yet, his Italian son's good, he was doing most of the talking. In one hand he held his Canadian school transcripts, which were being evaluated and then translated into Italian—one more step in the family's final preparations for their permanent move back to Italy.

The family reflects a growing trend in Canada, as Italians in ever-increasing numbers pack their bags, trucks and steamship coupons and return home. Today, perhaps for the first time in the country's history, more Italians are leaving each year than entering. The figure may be temporarily reversed as Canada accepts refugees from November's tragic Naples earthquake, but the outflow of Italians to the unaffected areas of Italy shows every sign of continuing. With the Canadian economy sliding toward disaster, the promise of the new land is no longer as bright. While Canadians have joked about the instability of the Italian government and economy, the hard truth is emerging that things in some ways are better there than here. The representations are wrong for Canada because the Canadian underlines areas in the immigration policy where promises have fallen far short of fulfillment.

The promises of a better life in the new land were hefty enough to promote an exodus of the Italian population in the '50s. In 1951, Canada's Italian population stood at 350,000, by the time large-scale immigration from Italy had ended in 1970, the population had increased almost fivefold to 1,700,000. The outpouring from Italy has been subtly changed by the Italian promise, as dear Anglo-Saxon cities have been transformed into lively cosmopolis. To



Admission and Departure: Canadian culture doesn't displace the Italian identity

those for whom the very notion of "immigrant" may mean "Italian," an era is ending.

Immigration—or "reverse migration"—has always been a part of immigration. 10 per cent of all newcomers to Canada return home within three years. But these emigrants represent something new since they're not permanent emigrants but men in the prime of their working years, young families with growing children and immigrants who have been in the country for 10, 15 or 18 years. The trend may signal something larger an end to what one historian has called "the greatest folk movement in history, ancient and modern"—the Atlantic migration, 300 years of approx-

ing, transporting and assimilation, in which the poor and desperate of Europe sought the promise of the New World.

Official statistics recently published in Italy can give only a partial idea of the extent of the reverse migration because the figures are collected slowly from individual city halls months after individual immigrants return to Italy. In 1978, 2,040 Italians entered Canada, while 2,664 left; in 1979, official entries dropped to 1,913, those returning to 2,045. But according to an informal survey conducted last spring by the Toronto Star, about 6,000 immigrants left Canada for Italy in 1979. The number is most obvious in Toronto, with its



Italian population of 404,000, 1,600 Italians left for home in 1979, 33 per cent more than the previous year. But it's obvious in Montreal as well, and even in Vancouver, where small community lost 100 people to repatriation in 1979. Not included in the estimates are the hundreds of immigrants who have returned their Italian passports and do not have to visit the Italian consulates before returning home.

The rimpatriati represent the dark underside of the bright success story of Italians in Canada. The success is highly visible, for instance, in the impact the Italian community has had on a city like Toronto in the professions, construction, food processing and politics. Italian influence has spilled into North American mass culture from food to fashion to film.

The success story becomes overwhelming when one considers the odds against it. "No other immigrants have come to this country with such low educational levels," says Clifford Jenson, a York University sociologist specializing in Italian ethnic studies. Because of their backgrounds, Italians have traditionally found jobs at the low end of the occupational status pole. Even when differences in education, training and social origin don't count, University of Saskatchewan sociologist Peter Li has discovered, the Italian immigrant still enters the labor market at a much lower level than the British immigrant. Racial discrimination exists in Canada, according to Li, where it hurts most, in the job market. Even economic success has a sharp two-sided edge: Italians now receive the highest wages of any immigrant group in Canada, but only because they're typically employed in "penurious" industries like construction and in "fun" prestige jobs which require few skills. Any downward in the economy and those jobs are the first to go.

Toronto's Italian community door Anglo-Saxon cities transformed into lively "cosmopolis" by the immigrants



Economics, predictably, is the main impetus behind the current exodus from Canada. In 1979, according to the government statistics office, *Offerta Canada di Sottosviluppo*, Italy enjoyed what is probably the best economic performance in Europe with a surprising growth rate of five per cent. Although the earthquake may deter this prosperity, it still might compare with the growth rate in Canada, which in 1980 declined by one per cent while unemployment hovered near the eight-per-cent mark and inflation soared.

Faced with bleak financial prospects and a strange, odd culture, Nino DiCesare of Windsor, Ont., is perhaps typical of the rimpatriati. "I thought Canada was one of the richest countries in the world but I can't see how I can take care of my children," said the 38-year-old machine and crane operator recently as he prepared for his move back to Italy after eight months of unemployment. He came to Canada in

1963, one of seven children of a shepherd in the mountain village of Serravalle, 50 km outside Foggia in Italy's south Adriatic coast. "We were poor," recalls DiCesare, "but every Easter we all had new shoes, white shirts—and my oldest brother had a gold watch. I can't buy my son new jeans. I had a happier childhood than my kids. I feel I am cheating them." Although he studied auto mechanics for three years in a special school in Rome, DiCesare found he could not use his training even in Canada. "In Rome, I was taking apart big Ferrari engines and putting them back together again. The only job I could get here was changing spark plugs for \$1 an hour, seven days a week."

At the local Ontario Apprenticeship office, DiCesare found what he claims is a Catch-22 system effectively designed to keep immigrants from using the skills they bring with them. For most trades, governmental regulations require the educational equivalent of Ontario Grade 10 and five years experience—gained only after the applicant has earned 36—before he can take Ontario qualifying tests, which offer the practical portion in their own language and the written part only in English and French. But most young men in the European vocational system, like DiCesare, and their formal schooling after Grade 11 when they enter the apprenticeship program at age 14. Below he could advance beyond the spark plug stage, DiCesare was told, he would have to complete a five-year apprenticeship program at a local community college, a program offered only in English. For DiCesare, who was beginning night school to learn the language, (surviving five years of high school without learning became an impossibility).

That DiCesare could not meet the requirements of his trade may not be the important point, after, they are the same requirements. Canadian-born

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trademark must meet. But DeCesare didn't know about these requirements before he came to Canada because, like more than 99 per cent of his countrymen, he came as a sponsored immigrant. With no skills testing and little vocational counseling, sponsorship by relatives in the '60s and '70s made sense for the immigrant in terms of family reunification, and sense for Canada, in terms of short-term labor needs in a period of high growth and low employment. But to ensure that cases like DeCesare's will be few and far between in the future, says an Employment and Immigration Commission spokesman, the current immigration policy, introduced in 1967, requires that about all immigrants meet a point system based on vocational training abroad and



Internal labor demand.

For DeCesare and many others who are leaving, this is small consolation. Unable to practice the relatively secure trade of auto mechanic, without language education opportunities in the highly volatile construction industry, he sees no future for himself in Canada. His story, he believes, must be repeated across Canada: skilled workers channeled into unskilled jobs in heavy industry, while Canadian officials advise in Europe far more with the skills and training that industry sorely lacks.

His story was repeated recently, only 56 km southeast of Windsor, at a house set in the rich farmlands of Leamington where a 40-year-old woman and her two teen-age daughters were about to return to Italy. Her husband, after five years in Canada, had already gone ahead of them back to Italy and then on to Switzerland, where he had once worked as an electrician before immigrating to Canada. In Leamington, he had to accept work as a gardener for \$3 an hour, while his wife, who had experience as a lab technician in Switzerland, worked at a factory producing fiberglass dolls, worked a week to help pay the rent. In North America, she says, is a "land of

Napoli Self-Services below left; Luccara street. Family below families are in a position to help

wishes" where everyone is on his own. "I was always given the idea that if you don't work hard enough, we are easily fed someone else. They don't look at your face at work—you are only a machine, an object."

Her neighbors agree about the differences in immigration. "The suburbs are so different in Canada," says the eldest. "The children seem afraid to be close, to share their feelings. The faces of the people look sad—no one says 'Good morning' on the street." Adds her mother: "In Canada, people just work and go home. In Italy, after work we go out and everyone is walking in the streets, and we go everywhere. In Italy, we have freedom." (It is the same word DeCesare uses—giving an ironic twist to the long history of European immigration to the prairied land across the Atlantic.)

Indeed, the search for cultural "freedom" is often strong enough that it doesn't need the added economic stimulus to grad a young, capable person into going back. For Maure Antennetti, the longing to return to Italy is based almost entirely on cultural values. The 22-year-old student is planning to move

to Rome with his fiancée, Mary Claire Odario, once he completes his civil engineering course at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnical Institute. Antennetti moved to Canada with his family when he was 10 years old, but Canadian culture could never displace his Italian identity. "Canadians have no sense of individuality," he says. "There's no questioning of authority. Even the children seem all the same, where in Italy they have distinct personalities at an early age."

For a young professional, the chaos of Italian life—the sloppy government, the tumult of the streets of Rome, the corruption and the line of carabinieri—would appear to be an obstacle to a stable career. But such disorder attracts Antennetti. "The people are alive and



from," he says. "The streets are so teeming with activity that it's impossible to become depressed."

This teeming activity is prevalent in the villages and towns of Italy's Mezzogiorno, the dry region of the south of Rome which in the past few years have begun to have the Canadian experience in reverse—more coming home than leaving. Some complainants, from the earthquake devastated regions of Campania and Basilicata, will not find the friends and towns of their childhood, more than one ancient roadside village was destroyed in the November earthquake. But others will find their towns changed, too—destroyed by wholesale emigration in the past 30 years to Germany, Northern Italy and the Americas.

Luccara Fricca, in the mountainous interior of Sicily and unaffected by the quake, is typical of these towns where active sons are beginning to trickle back from the outside world. The family of Giuseppe Pellitteri lives on one of the quieter streets, in the newly rehabilitated half of an ancient crumbling gristmill, now converted into an almshouse for polio (chicken fever). Pellitteri came back in 1975, after working for 10 years in a Windsor parts factory. For his two daughters, the five years

in Italy have produced a much more sympathetic daily routine than the 9-to-5 Canadian custom. Italian sociability is intended by Pellitteri as the morning, a large leisurely mid-day meal with the entire family home, a long rest or naps afterwards, and then, in the afternoon and evening, time for the passengers—reading, stroll—and visiting friends. For Pellitteri, the mere home has spread dreams of prosperity: Italy, he argues, is much less dependent on large-scale industry than Canada. "Here, there are always little jobs somewhere, always people working in Germany who come back in the summer with money in their pockets, able to buy something." (Last year, for instance, migrant workers in Germany sent home—to Sicily alone—more than 100 billion lire, roughly \$180,000,000.)

Pellitteri's ray view of Italy's economic health is confirmed by the astute Italian economists have made of their country's well-known "black economy," the off-the-books productivity that never appears in government data, workers on unemployment benefits who don't admit they have jobs, government employees with after-hours businesses, and larger, legitimate firms that contract work out to these "ghost" businesses in order to reduce costs. Pellitteri craves, according to *Forbes* magazine, may actually contribute to economic growth—a government fighting corruption, general strikes, and an increased fall from political power may be too weak to collect taxes efficiently (see in its Italian businesses, for instance, reports sales revenues of less than \$5 a day—and gets away with it). Official statistics may then be wildly inaccurate: the current unemployment rate of seven per cent may actually be closer to four per cent and the 1970 gross national product of \$20 billion may really have been as much as 48 per cent higher.

Even in the semi-desertified Mezzogiorno the growth is evident everywhere: streets are dusty with fallout from nearby construction as commercial and apartment buildings begin to war the traditional skyline of medieval towns. New hotels and restaurants—the latter so new that self-service spots now outnumber the traditional trattorie—sprout up in fast-growing tourist areas like Sicily's San Vito lo Capo. The family of Aseneto and Susanna Coppola, who all use time lived in Leamington, Ont., is coming on the rapid growth of San Vito tourism to repay them for the 12-hour days they have been working in preparation for their new restaurant, the Napoli Self-Services. The family will not be served three times in the past 10 years, first to Braunschweig, Germany—"We were even saving money there," says Susanna

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Prosecuting the enforcers

The heavy hand of the law can come down a little lighter

By Linda McQuay

The killing of Albert Johnson became an immediate cause célèbre in Toronto. When police killed the 26-year-old Jamaican immigrant in his home in August, 1978, there was outrage from both blacks and whites. For days after the shooting, media reports were full of stories about how the dead man had felt persecuted by police, how Johnson's widow, Lenema, had seen several policemen severely beating her husband months earlier, how she had watched as police had pulled his arm across a pane of broken glass. That a year later when two officers were on trial for manslaughter in the killing, the jury only heard the police version of the earlier encounters. Despite Lenema Johnson's pleas, the Crown prosecutor consistently opposed her requests to let her tell the jury her sharply different account of these events. In November, both policemen were acquitted, but the legal system that freed them has not emerged unscathed.

The handling of the Johnson case and other recent cases in Canada involving police have left some minorities and civil rights advocates wondering if the heavy hand of the law doesn't come down a little lighter when policemen stand accused—a question that will be addressed later this month at a Vancouver conference on police accountability sponsored by the University of British Columbia law faculty. Critics argue that the legal system often seems strikingly inept and inefficient when it comes to prosecuting police. They see a conflict of interest in having police actions investigated by other police and prosecuted by civilian officers who regularly work closely with them. Says Gary Parkinson, a civil liberties and board member of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association, "In general, the system seems to work in the advantage of police."

Only a week after the Toronto acquittal, a Quebec provincial policeman was acquitted in the killing of 28-year-old Mohawk Indian David Cross, after a trial that left the Indian community bitter about the way the province's legal system handled the case. The tragedy began when police, chasing Cross for speeding, followed him to his home on the Caughnawaga Indian reserve south of Montreal. Cross ran into his house but police arrested his younger brother,



Lenema Johnson (far left) and Albert Johnson (far right), who often seen the victim in his home

who had been a passenger in the car. Emerging from the house with a pool cue, Cross tried unsuccessfully to open the back door of the police cruiser to free his brother. He then punched on the car windshield, shattering the glass. The policemen and they shot Cross when he opened the front door of the cruiser and, ignoring two warning shots, kept advancing. But even then a dozen Indian witnesses say it was police who opened the door and shot Cross point-blank with no warning. Family spokesman Pearl-Ann Dimey says she was constantly frustrated at the trial by what she considered to be an ineffective presentation by Crown attorney Michel St-Cyr. "He didn't even call some of our best witnesses," she says. Since

those he did call, who saw events at close hand, were friends or relatives of Cross, their testimony might have seemed biased to the jury, Dimey maintains. "But there were at least three others who had no connection to our family who confirmed our version of events. I kept asking him to call them, but he didn't." St-Cyr says he believed he called all witnesses who were important and insists that their relationship to the family was not an issue.

But before the case even came to court, there may have been a conflict of interest in having the Quebec police force investigate a killing done by one of its members, says Patricia Kirby of the Montreal-based League for Human Rights. "The workings of justice in this case cast doubt on the integrity of the system." Police authorities reject the notion that police are biased in investigating each other. "A policeman is terrified when he's investigated by his colleagues," says Toronto Police Commissioner Dennis Flynn. "They are the ones most interested in not doing a policeman if he's done something wrong." Vancouver criminal lawyer Derek Corrigan disagrees: "You can't expect police to vigorously investigate a police action when they have to go back and face these guys on the job."

Sensitive to charges of conflict of interest, Ontario authorities called in the provincial police force when the local Toronto police killed Albert Johnson, and brought Crown attorney Wil-



Cipolla—and then to Learnington, where Antonio could find work only as a night watchman for a local fishery and his wife had to settle for seasonal work peeling tomatoes for a canner. Economic difficulties were overwhelmed by family tragedy when one of their three children died at the age of 5. "We needed to live again as a place where doctors spoke Italian," says Antonio Cipolla.

But it was the pull of family ties—and family assistance—that brought the Cipollas back home again. The Napoli Self-Services in a joint project financed by family funds, designated by Santina's brother—an architecture student—the restaurant is being installed with the help of two other brothers in a house owned by their father. Finally, families in Italy are in a position to help, says Italian Consul Alessio Gabetto in Toronto. In the past it has been the immigrant in North America who sent money home to help those who were left behind.

The Italian government is beginning to take part in recruitment, too, with transportation grants and low-cost loans for small businesses. Quoting Italian writer Giuseppe Precenzini, who called emigration "a national tragedy," Consul Gabetto tried to explain why his country was still willing to help integrate newcomers, many of them no longer Italian citizens. "You must see it from the perspective of a country which has been sending millions of its people away for more than a century. Ninety per cent had to emigrate in sorrow, and they left unwillingly. Every citizen still in Italy is responsible to those people who had to leave their country."

Critics of Canada's once-expansive immigration policy say that while the country has been able to absorb its massive immigration of the past 30 years, it has not always been to the ben-



Danilo Pellicani (left) and Sandra Cipolla, Pellicani's potential dream of prosperity back home

efit of the immigrant. There's no question, it has benefited Canada in the high-growth period of the '50s and '60s, when Canadian construction workers and laborers were lured south by high U.S. wages, immigration more than doubled the labor force, an essential component in the transformation of the country into the industrialized nation it is today. Now, in no-growth economy conditions, these immigrants are the first to suffer.

With the tide of immigration turning, Canadians must decide whether it has been a history of absorption and assimilation—or of discrimination and exploitation. Immigrants themselves are quick to point out that fellow immigrants, here before them, have often been the most exploited employees. One immigrant recalled food moments as he waited in the Italian vice-consulate in Windsor for his emigration papers. "Canada is still the best country in the

world—we asked to come, and they let us," adds his wife, who does not want to leave. "People who don't like Canadians haven't been exposed to them long enough—they're cold on the outside, but warm on the inside."

The history concludes, at least for Italy, in a positive note: more and more Italians will not have to immigrate to survive. And for immigrants who long for home, many more will find it possible to return. "We all come here," says one Italian-Canadian woman, "with the idea of returning in the back of our minds. We stay because we are proud, because we cannot go back if we didn't make it here." Now that that inhibition is being broken down by the first success story, others may feel they can follow.

But in human terms, the return home may have its costs. Filippo Pellicani, now 17 and student in Laval, remembers Canada as a land paradise where as a boy of 15 he rode his bicycle with friends on wide, tree-lined streets. Like other children who came back to Italy during their early adolescence, Pellicani feels life has dealt him hard blows. Not in Canada long enough to learn English, set back in Italian schools when he returned, he feels now he may never catch up.

Eventually, some of these immigrants will find their way back to Canada again, giving special poignancy to the Italian word for foreigner—*straniero* (stranger). "Anyone who crosses the ocean after he is 15 is screwed for life," he considers one immigrant, now in his late 30s, who has made Canada his permanent home. "I always planned to go back because I was a stranger here. But when I went home 10 years ago, everyone had changed, just as I had, and many of my friends had too. Every day was worse than the last—I was a stranger there. No. And I came back here, and I am still a stranger here." ☐



from Morrison from Kitchener, Ont. But lawyers involved in the case say this did little to alter what they see as a pre-fused conflict of interest. The provincial police during the investigation, the Crown prosecutor of the case and the policemen who did the shooting are all under the authority of one man: Roy McMurtry, who serves as both solicitor-general and attorney-general of Ontario. "What you have in essence is Mr. McMurtry prosecuting himself," says prominent Toronto criminal lawyer Clayton Ruby. "It's not surprising he doesn't do it with vigor."

Ruby argues that McMurtry may have doomed the case to failure at the outset by his decision to lay a charge of manslaughter (which implies the killing was accidental) rather than murder (which implies the killing was intentional). Ruby asked the Supreme Court of Ontario to change the charge to murder last spring, but was turned down after a representative of McMurtry's office opposed the request, citing "policy considerations." The difference between the two charges is crucial, Ruby insists, because if the charge had been murder the Crown prosecutor could have argued that police in Toron-

Corruption (top left): McMurtry (middle): Crown's widow, Linda, Crown funeral charges of conflict of interest

to's 11 Division had shown a pattern of hostility toward Johnson, indicating a desire to hurt him. To bolster this case, the Crown could have presented Loretta Johnson's allegations of police beating, the account of a neighbor who says she saw police pulling "brakes" at Johnson on another occasion and the Ontario Human Rights Commission's extensive file of Johnson's complaints of police harassment. Yet, perhaps because the killing was presented as accidental, none of this evidence was presented at the trial, to the surprise of many involved. "We fully expected to be called to testify," says the Human Rights Commission's Beverly Salmon. The most compelling piece of evidence suggesting police hostility toward Johnson was ruled inadmissible: the testimony of Johnson's sister-in-law, Beverly Williams, who was present the day of the shooting. Evidence at the trial showed that police, who came to the house following a neighbor's complaint about noise, beat Johnson with a nightstick when he resisted arrest. Williams says

that, after a heady bloody Johnson threw a Detroit bottle he heard a policeman say he was going to kill Johnson, and then all three policemen drove their guns.

Civil liberties advocates argue that in a police trial it is often easier to win the case at trial rather than the policeman. The Johnson trial focused largely on police testimony that Johnsons had shown himself to be erratic and dangerous—despite the fact that the two charges against him that came to court were dismissed—and an apparent inconsistency in the statements of Johnson's relatives. Johnson's family lawyer David Martin points out that, by contrast, little emphasis was placed on the fact that one of the two policemen who witnessed the shooting changed his story about where the shooting had occurred, bringing his account into line with the other officers' and the forensic evidence. There was also little emphasis, Martin says, on the fact that the lower officer Johnson allegedly threatened at police was missing when police investigators arrived about an hour after the shooting and that the tool bore no fingerprints.

Establishing the credibility of a citizen who has had a run-in with police is one of the biggest problems in pressing charges against police, says Big Robson, president of the BC Civil Liberties Association. "Police don't abuse the rights of citizens in front of unimpeachable witnesses." Vancouver lawyer Jodi Gedge thinks there are probably grounds for charges against RCMP officers when a Burnaby man died last year after police claimed him to prevent him from snatching a pack of heroin. Gedge thinks the fact that the man had heroin in his possession reinforced the feelings against officers that the police behaved properly. At the inquest, Gedge says, the coroner made it clear that he sympathized with police in having to deal with drug addicts and the Crown counsel wasn't vigorous in questioning the officers. The jury concluded there was nothing unusual about the death and no charges were laid. Says Gedge, "The whole thing smacked of putting police outside the law."

Whether or not police do get special treatment in some cases, the legal system leaves itself open to conflict of interest charges every time it finds itself investigating itself. Perhaps the best way to short-circuit such criticism, says Toronto lawyer Martin, is for the federal government to appoint an independent prosecutor who would have no ties to the provincial attorneys-general. Martin insists that the desire for rigorous prosecutions of police isn't part of a vendetta against police, it's a sometimes interpreted. "On the contrary, all we want is equal justice for all."

FILMS

Tongue-tied torment

FROM THE LIFE OF THE MARCONISTES
Directed by Jacques Bergeron

You want bleak? Jacques Bergeron will give you bleak in *From the Life of the Marconistes*, a film that mixes rape and incest with a cheap horror movie's pool of buckets of blood. The title of this latest wintry meditation refers, more to subtly, to the force that controls in all-a-fare that compels an apparently well-balanced man, Peter Goggin (Robert Atton), first to try to take his own life and then to murder a prostitute. What Bergeron is straining to say, and has already said in *Person*, *The Passion of Anna* and *Cross and Whispers*, is that people suffer terribly when they fail to communicate with others and, feeling abandoned, turn on themselves.

Peter Goggin cannot deal with the complexity of his own mind and his alienation leads him to the murder, so set



Atton: Aves homosexuality like cancer

that is analyzed through flashbacks and interviews with the people who surround him. Yet after all the turns out, there about not being able to make contact and the appalling force that turns people into puppets, the best diagnosis Bergeron can come up with is that Peter is a latent homosexual. His mother, a documentary screenwriter (Linda Waddell), has smothered him with love, but had little emotional connection with his dead father; and his wife (Christine Bouchard) is unrelentingly aggressive. Bergeron's attitude toward homosexuality is similar to that usually reserved for cancer. Peter's wife's business partner (Walter Scheldinger), who is gay,

hasn't even his physical decay while looking into the mirror "if you're gay, you're unfair." By aggressive and goes one better by saying he can't have true "classiness" with anyone because he's homosexual. When he looks in the mirror in a juvenile dramatic technique he may as well have porcupine poked on his forehead in glee.

In *Marconistes* Bergeron wants it both ways—people despair because they cannot control or understand that "fleece" but the movie is a single, closed one. The contradiction doesn't stop there though Peter's psychiatrist is satisfied as meaning and narrow-minded, the script of *Marconistes* is frothing with the same catch but he can't.

Despite his unrelentingly sad on the marconistes, Bergeron is such a master of his language—editing, composition, lighting, performance rhythm—that his gloomy naturalism can seem positively lyrical. But for all the evocative dream sequences and close-ups he gives us, we can't slip our way through this jungle of jargon about life and death and alienation and teaching; we never discover the truth that makes Bergeron ache. *Marconistes* moves along, leaving a cloud of confusion, propelled by a highly stylized sense of form. Life is too short for Bergeron to take so long to tell us all about unimpassable.

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ist theories from being given a serious hearing today."

This extremely reasonable tone has already swayed many U.S. educators, especially since it seems to reinforce current re-evaluations of how science in general should be taught. Says David Hise, science editor for Holt, Rinehart & Winston of Canada, "We believe a clear distinction must be drawn between observed fact and theory. Conclusions have to be made with the real world—for a 15-year-old, things are as they appear." In practice, this means stating explicitly that the survival of

the fittest is just a theory, a "pattern" that fits the facts, like the planetary model of the atom—since no one has ever seen an electron, for teaching purposes it's best to stick to readily observable phenomena.

Such a pedagogical approach, though initiated with the best of intentions, strips the corpus of scientific knowledge down to certain facts that can be perceived by the five senses with the aid of technology, everything else is factually suspect because it cannot be directly "observed"—so much for paleontology (fossil study) and all of nuclear physics.

Creationists have wanted no time in exploiting these recently formulated mappings about teaching science, and Holt, Rinehart & Winston's U.S. parent has already tailored textbooks marketed in California and Texas to suit their views. Instead of flatly stating that dinosaurs roamed the earth 65 million years ago, the revised versions discuss "some scientists theorize" that dinosaurs may have lived millions of years ago (creationists claim God made life Earth between 5000 and 6000 ac). The questions then arise: why stop at science? What about history? Past



Stealy: Not for the creationists

events cannot be observed, records of them are just fallible memories, words...just like the Bible, in fact.

Here the creationist crusade marches into uncharted territory: if it were solely concerned with scientific matters, Ronald Reagan would never have heard of it. Isolated within the scientific community, it would quickly reject, leaving the legitimate questioning of evolutionary theories to ground-breaking researchers like Ted Stealy. But because creationist efforts (usually originate in organizations whose aims are to adjust the world's moral values (Bioscience International has lobbied actively against teaching Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners* in high school), their claims to rational argument can be questioned. In the immortal words of Jerry Falwell, president of the Moral Majority and Reagan's spiritual adviser, "Reagan is for Adam and Eve and against the theory of evolution. He's for the family and against sex education. He's against homosexuality and abortion and feminism and all that welfare. Above all, he's for America being No. 1 again, having the strongest military since creation." Now that's real evolution. ◇

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Portrait of a C.G.A.



Sandra Cartwright, C.G.A.,
Manager of Treasury Services, Town of Whithby

What Sandra Cartwright likes about working for the Town of Whithby is that it is still small enough to allow her to have a wide scope of responsibility and get a "fix for what's happening." There's a strong sense of community in Whithby, she says, and although it is just 30 minutes from Toronto, the town is not a bedroom community. Sandra has worked for the town for 3 years and is currently the Manager of Treasury Services. The tax, purchasing and accounting departments are her responsibility. These departments encompass a variety of functions from preparing budgets and collecting taxes to purchasing snow removal equipment or other items for town use.

Sandra Cartwright is a Certified General Accountant, (C.G.A.).



Certified General
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The latest trend in censorship

There is no reason why business shouldn't have its say if it can pay

By Barbara Amiel

LAST March, Ralph Nader appeared on the popular tv program *Saturday Night Live* to promote an anti-big-business day being planned by a number of American radical groups. Said Nader: "Big businessmen have used us instead only to criticize them. Not at all. I want to take the business community, because they regard the truth so highly that they engage in it sparingly. I want to thank the oil companies for their very informative ads on the Sunday op-ed pages. Indeed, Mobil Oil tried to buy the Long Island Press and the Washington Star. I think they should buy a publication more consistent with their image, like *Serve* magazine."

Nader's remarks had an interest apart from measuring the cynicism of those of us who love free speech. He illustrated the latest trend toward on-airwork—the use in the area of advocacy advertising. This week, seminars on advocacy advertising are being held by the CECI, And-Decon, and Saturday Night magazine gave readers an intriguing preview of the arguments that will be offered to support the delicate business of disambiguating free speech in the media columns by Morris Wolfe called *The Case Against Advocacy Advertising*.

Advocacy advertising is the buying of space in the print or electronic media by organizations, governments or businesses to sell ideas and opinions rather than products. The Globe and Mail is currently submitting such ads with the full-page message: "If you want something said right, say it yourself!" In Canada groups like the National Citizens' Coalition do it to protest federal immigration policies. The government does it to explore how good its policies are for citizens. And, of course, it doesn't matter and more, particularly big businesses like the energy industry, which place the sort of up-to-date Nader referred to, telling readers about all the good things they are doing in the cold and nasty Beaufort Sea.

Morris Wolfe doesn't like big business complaining about the cold. In his *Saturday Night* column he argues strongly for eliminating advocacy advertising, certainly by business and by and large even by governments. His reason seems to be that advocacy advertising costs money, which "reinforces the old notion that those who have money are entitled to more freedom of speech than those who don't."

Ever since the French writer Anatole France came up with the criticism that

media since the dissemination of information obviously costs money (in fact when you open your newspaper (and by business) or turn on your TV (sponsored by business) you will find little information shared to big business interests. So long as we have an unregulated press—in other words free freedom—public opinion and the climate of the times have a magnificent way of making themselves independent of wealth.

Advocacy advertising, of course, is not a preserve of big business. What Ralph Nader and other activists do is aim advocacy advertising and it is doubtful that Wolfe would wish to see them banned or regulated—any more than I would in wanting to regulate business, therefore, Wolfe is in effect calling for the censorship of opinions he doesn't like. Wolfe is on much firmer ground when he disapproves of advocacy advertising by government. There is a difference between individuals (companies or pressure groups) putting down their own two cents to have their say and the government taking one.

Two cents to have to say. Everything the government says or does is, by definition, news. It can disseminate and explain its policies to its hearers' content at well-attended guest conferences from Yellowknife to Washington. Except for advertising its services, which is legitimate, the government should not be able to add insult to injury by taking the taxpayer's money to advocate policies or opinions with which the taxpayer probably disagrees.

Freedom is indivisible. You cannot give less of it to some people on the basis that they have more money, just as you cannot on the basis that they have more talent or a shriller voice. You cannot give less of it to some people on the basis that they hold the wrong opinions either, whether they are Ralph Nader or Maitland D. You have a right, though, not to be forced to pay for other people's views—which is why the government ought not to regulate the advocacy ads of any segment of society except its own.



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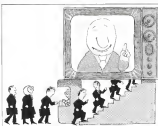
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language society is "free" since the poor have as little right to sleep under a bridge as the rich, there has been a great confusion in the minds of people such as Morris Wolfe about the difference between freedom and ability. The point is, of course, that people can be equal in freedom even when they are unequal in ability since the second does not detract from the first. It is true the rich can more easily afford to travel but this does not make the rest of us less free to do so.

Nor is money the only dividing line in ability. For instance, columnists like Wolfe, having more facility with words than most people, have the ability to appear in print far more often, but the fact that Wolfe has more access to print than I do is the product of a big company and a welfare neither does it mean that he has more "freedom of speech" than either. Arguably, freedom is more powerful than ability. Logically Wolfe ought to be right, the message of big business ought to dominate the

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Theatre

The possible impossible



ENRICO IV
by Luigi Pirandello

Adapted and directed by Kurt Rein

Pirandello's *Enrico IV* reads like a foolproof recipe for theatrical disaster: take one act overflowing with verbose historical exposition, add another liberally besprinkled with historical facts from a riveting manuscript, toss in a few inadequately motivated supporting characters and what have you got? A classic, of course, to be revived only when exceptionally gifted talents like Kurt Rein want to risk their reputations and adventurous artistic directors like Theatre Place's Marlene André wish to open up new vistas for their faithful subscription audiences. After eight summers of feeding home-bound Torontonians an international diet of 20th-century drama, Theatre Place is getting the starling record of 86 per-cent houses and three straight deficit-free summers on the line by mounting a winter production. "We want to be a part of the city's theatrical life," explains André.

Although Pirandello's works have been notoriously troubled by his translators, Rein has fashioned playable lines without excessive reworking of the original text. He has added a haunting visual dimension as well, powerfully realized in designer Murray Leader's twisted grey cobwebs of a set whose medieval diaphanous echo with sculptural, monastic chants. Here the demoted Enrico (Alan Scarfe) plays out the fantasy that he is the 16th-century German Emperor Henry IV, all his relatives and friends, including his former antagonist here the Countess Ma-

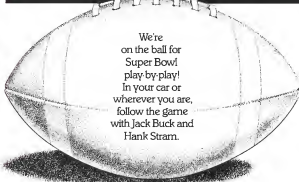
Scarfe, Phipps: the delight of domestic

tilda (Jennifer Phipps) and her present lover, Bertrando (Michael Fawkes), die appropriately elaborate historical roles and entrances in his presence. The implications of this paradoxical mechanism occupies the play's first half, and Rein's imagination hasn't run sufficiently sleek to jolt it to life—the pace lags during the unravelling of past and present psychology. Enrico's refusal could be looser and, most important, Maetilda lacks conviction. Phipps has been hobbled, literally, by Leader's authentic yet grotesque costuming and dramatically by Bertrando—Pirandello married him as a jealous maniac but Fawkes's swarthy and resonant voice suggest domestic rather than warring subservience.

The play's savagely machinery can be gestimated into action if the casual role of Enrico is matched by an actor of stature, and Scarfe is equal to the task. In Enrico really mad, or is he continuously enacting a Borgia-esque revenge on his keepers? As the audience of illusion and reality wonders, Scarfe's control over a monstrous range of emotional moods remains impeccable. Rein has devised several striking tableaux that glow like soft flames with Scarfe the crown jewel after the final tragedy. Enrico sits enthroned, reticent at his feet, and having uttered his last word his mouth remains a hollow O that gradually fills with the name of the emperor. It's a rough hand sometimes to that final vanishing point but this production hangs together in the end, proving once again that recipes cannot be judged by ingredients alone.

—MARC CHAMBERS

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Happiness is a hot mike

Crossovers between politicians and broadcasters in the wired world

By Allan Fotheringham

The Americans perhaps lead the way but we, in our own sky way, are doing our share. They prefer, always, the spectacular break-through while we burrow away industriously just beneath the surface, the moles of the movement. I refer naturally to the sweetest short-cut (invention of politics) where the most successful politicians are those who can become someone serious in politics, the United States in its practical way has eliminated one step in the process by electing an actor as president. No learning process is required. Barack Obama can dispute and provocate and obfuscate without any apprenticeship, a born bluffer right out of the starting gate. Consistent with this comes the news that month that a high-ranking cabinet minister of the British Columbia government, Rafe Mear, has shaken his cabinet post for the delights of becoming a radio host on a Vancouver radio station. The crossovers between politicians and entertainers is stepping up.

comigrate with fossilization of the line between suffragette and bubble gum. British Columbia, of course, leads the nation in innovation—as seen California does south—and to understand its political caucuses you must realize that Mr. Mear, in his decision to promote himself from the public interest to the modern heights of open-mouth radio, replaced the current host, one John Reynolds, who himself played into radio because he felt his previous role—serving the public as a member of Joe Clark's caucus—was not commensurate with his talents, and therefore grabbed a microphone instead. Premier Bill Bennett, reticulating swiftly, fired Mr. Mear's post of health minister with the dishevelled Jim Nielsen who (you've got to follow this closely) was a former business host on the same station that has become renamed Mr. Reynolds, a Tory, in favour of Mr. Mear, a former Liberal who is now Social Credit. The same station,

displaying its commercial nature, nearly fired former MRC premier Dave Barrett out of politics with a \$100,000 offer to meet his sonnets for the greater good of advertisers rather than waste them on dead public men.

In all, this is an admirable trend, proof accurate that the art of politics is a sort of kindergarten course on the way to the riches of the marketplace, a way station on the path to true stardom, which, as we all know, involves spotting supermarketers on Saturday afternoon



(Boscoe, having proven his credentials as a shill for General Electric, and Twenty Male Team Boyes classes and TV, thereby demonstrated that he understood the basic of politics.) Rafe Mear, who practiced law for years and made a small fortune in real estate, for some time was the MRC minister in charge of federal-provincial relations and travelled to London and Europe on the tortuous path to a new constitution. By deciding that there is a higher still, answering housewives' complaints and lecturing electronics, he has given us all a lesson in politics politics.

It should come as no surprise, this crossover between current good works and dollar-a-baller radio: The federal minister of sport and labor, Gerry Rogers, was a sports announcer before becoming premier of Nova Scotia. Jim Flaherty, the liberal's minister of propaganda and ethical advertising book-keeping, is a Toronto radio product. Don Jamieson, the famed golden pipes,

buffed his gut on behalf of Newfoundland private radio before suffering it on pained foreigners as Canada's criminal affairs minister. Geoff Scott, a Tory air from Hamilton, a childhood friend of Rick Little, was celebrated when a television member of the press gallery, for his public imitations of Robert Stanfield and Joe Clark, a gift that has disappeared from his political repertoire. Chuck Cook, an invisible Tory MP from North Van-Burnaby, was an open-line host on that same Vancouver station that acts as a farm team for politicians who are either rising or falling on their lack.

The reason B.C. broadcasters want to be politicians (and vice versa) is that they all mellow in the shipwreck of The Mouth That Roared. Jack Webster, a superb journalist who also understands show biz and now makes some \$300,000 annually with a contract that gives him five months off a year. Although one hot-lips host, Rafe Clark, graduated to the Liberal caucus and thence to become B.C.'s Rentalman, Webster is truly B.C.'s centurion and regularly refuses overtures from all parties on the grounds that he can't afford the demands to either his wallet or his fame.

The rewards are such that some grow greedy. Before July 14th he became a Vancouver radio host, he was used for libel by Ed Murphy, a Tory broadcaster who was sent to jail for conspiring to offer a \$100,000 bribe to a Social Credit minister who turned out to be the aforementioned Mr. Nielsen, who has succeeded Mr. Mear who has succeeded Mr. Reynolds. All paid into significant beside Rose Castellani, a provincial manager for the most successful Vancouver station, who rode a marathon flapjacks sitting front on behalf of the station's charity. The only problem was that Castellani had a habit of secretly sneaking down the pole at night and visiting his ailing wife in hospital, where he fed her with shaken hand with another. Sent up the river for murder, he was last seen playing drums in the prison band (which called itself The Hangman's Five). Rose Marie Rogers has a lot to answer for.

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